

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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THE
TATLER
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Fred Daniels

WENDY HILLER AS "TESS"

Wendy Hiller has been widely acclaimed for her moving performance as Tess of the D'Urbervilles at the Piccadilly Theatre, with Hugh Burden as Angel Clare and Henry Mollison as Alec D'Urberville. The play is adapted from Hardy's novel by Ronald Gow, who is Wendy Hiller's husband, and was first produced by the Bristol Old Vic company last autumn. Later it was seen at the New Theatre for a week. The present cast, except for Wendy Hiller, is an entirely new one.

It was this second defence which led m'lud Denham to deliver himself of a broadside which the late Lord Hewart may in justice have envied and Winston Churchill have emulated (if he has not already done so with my knowledge).

Says he: "I entirely disagree from the law laid down by the learned counsel for the defendant, Mr. Hansard. I am not aware of the existence in this country of any body whatever that can privilege any servant of theirs to publish libels of any individual. Whatever arrangements may be made between the House of Commons and any publisher in their employ, I am of the opinion that any publisher who publishes that in his public shop, and especially for money, which may be injurious, and possibly ruinous, to any of the King's subjects must answer in a court of justice to that subject, if he challenge him for a libel; and I wish to say so emphatically and distinctly, because I think that if, upon the first opportunity that arose in a court of justice for questioning this point, it were left unsatisfactorily explained, the judge who sat there might become an accomplice in the destruction of the Liberties of the country and expose every individual who lives in it to a Tyranny that no man ought to submit to."

The LCJ having thus demolished the second defence, left the first to the jury; as it happened they came down on Père Hansard's side, and that gentleman was not, therefore, constrained to put his hand in his pocket

for the substantial damages the irate, if untruthful, Stockdale had claimed.

Battle Renewed

I SPOKE a short week or more ago about the Battle of Waltham, a conflict in which the opposing forces were some highly trained bands of squirrels *versus* myself—the prize, my garden with its luscious beds of strawberries, its peas and beans, its tender-blooming lettuces, its fruit trees and bushes. That battle, dear readers, has been won and the victor stands before you. The squirrels have been utterly routed, leaving many prisoners in our hands.

But, while the battle has raged and the shock of violence smote the air, there has been a stab in the back. Unbeknown and unsuspected, a Mussolini was among us and it was at me, in the moment of triumph, that the blow was aimed. Weeds, weeds of all kinds, weeds of a nature most malignant, vile, base and villainous; silent weeds, weeds that lay concealed by day and sprang to maturity o'er night; weeds having the pallor of noisome things of the greatest depths of the oceans. Weeds. These are the new enemy, deeply entrenched, arrogant and with apparently limitless reserves.

Thus must the battle go on, for I shall not give up. They must be rooted out, I sparing none, having mercy for none. . . .

(I gather there is some trouble on the lawn, also; grass seems to be getting out of hand: it must wait its turn. *Adieu.*)

George Bilainkin.

VISITING MIDDLE EAST

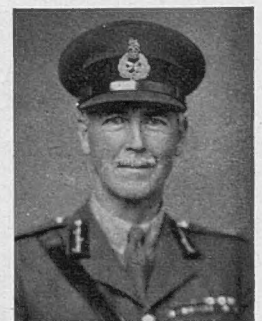
JERUSALEM— One of the four armed soldiers who form part of my regulation escort points seriously during the journey up the faultless asphalt road to Government House, and says, this Sabbath morning, "Here, six months ago, five bombs or mines intended for His Excellency were found just in time." We climb out of the ancient city steadily, jeep as fast as staff car, and are interrogated thoroughly by guards, armed and private, outside the cheerful light home of the High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the most troubled ten-thousand-mile state in the world.

I glance down at Jerusalem, holy city to the three great monotheist faiths, with its 100,000 Jews in a population of 150,000. At street corners and by the endless barbed wire fences neatly dressed girls flirt mildly with young Tommies busy checking identity cards. I noted many high priests, wondered if they might be Patriarchs of the Orthodox Greek, or the Latin or the Armenian communities; perhaps the Syrian Orthodox, or Coptic Bishops, or, say the Patriarchal Vicars of the Melkites, or the Chief Rabbis of the Sephardim or the Ashkenazim, or the Anglican Bishop or the Pope's Apostolic Delegate. The President of the Moslem Supreme Council, the Mufti, is not in Jerusalem.

Sunny Jerusalem is in the news, will be till the end of our time. But in years to come who will mention the troubles of 1947 any more than we mention now that 1900 years ago the city was captured by Vespasian and Titus, who burnt the Temple, scarcely leaving one stone standing upon another? That 1300 years ago the Persians and Jews took it, massacring the Christians? That 700 years ago it went to the Mohammedans?

MAGNIFICENT gardens in which General Sir Alan Cunningham, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., takes a close personal pride and interest, surround the residence: the colouring in his lofty, airy study is light blue and reflects his cheerful smiling blue eyes and infectiously calm British personality. I expected to find the unassuming Cunningham weary. Was he not in the midst of demands for independence from the Arab vice-president of the Higher Committee, youngish Jemal al Hussein, the gifted English scholar and relentless opponent on one side, and the call for Partition sounded by the pianissimo voiced scientist and father of world Zionism, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, on the other? Are not both sides helpless under the blows of the young Terrorists who trust that, because the Irish rebels secured much by violence, they must do the same? Behind the scenes is felt the powerful banished Grand Mufti, Haj Amin al Hussein, red bearded, who rules an active court "somewhere" in Egypt. From him I carried to Cunningham a one-word message.

CUNNINGHAM, who read with mellifluous grace the lesson in St. George's Cathedral in July, at the service for the ninety-one British, Arab and Jewish victims of the King David Hotel outrage, sees Jews and Arabs often, travels much, ignores danger. Unassuming but regal, gentlemanly without trace of side, he has struggled to rule with the handicap of a lack of policy from above. But Jews and Arabs know that the hero of the battles of Somaliland and Abyssinia, famous son of a famous F.R.S., brother of a famous sailor, has one unassailable card. He is fair. Gruner, executions, reforms, reprieves, all raced past in our ninety minutes. I was proud to listen.



General Sir Alan Cunningham, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief for Palestine



Johnson, Oxford

OXFORD UNION'S EIGHTS WEEK DEBATE

The Oxford Union Society in the Debating Hall during a session. The motion before the house in the Eights Week Debate, was that "this House prefers to travel with its back to the engine." The vote was 350 on each side and as the president refused to exercise his casting vote the result was a draw. Speaking during the debate is the Earl of Gainsborough's younger brother the Hon. Gerard Noel, while the officers on the dais are Sir Edward Boyle, Bt., Mr. Anthony Wedgwood, the president, and Mr. Peter Kroyer



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

The Man from the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

The White Devil (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Margaret Rawlings in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Most entertaining satirical comedy by Ivor Novello on backstage life, with Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling satirical comedy for a twelve-weeks season, with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Allenby and Frederick Leister.

Oak Leaves and Lavender (Lyric, Hammersmith). Sean O'Casey's new poetic fantasia set in a country house during the Battle of Britain, with Mary Hinton and Sheila Sim.

Ever Since Paradise (New Theatre). New play by J. B. Priestley. Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans have the leading parts.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles (Piccadilly). The Bristol Old Vic Company with Wendy Hiller, Hugh Burden and William Mollison.

The Play's the Thing (St. James's). Molnar's amusing comedy with Clive Brook, Michael Shepley and Claud Allister.

My Friend Lester (St. Martin's). Richard Bird, Linden Travers, and Charles Goldner in a murder mix-up with some very funny moments.

Angel (Strand) (from June 6). Mary Hayley Bell's new play which is set in the popular theatrical period of 1860, with Joyce Redman and Alan Webb.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

Worm's Eye View (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Gabrielle Brune and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

Twelfth Night (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Honer and Kynaston Reeves.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new musical operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

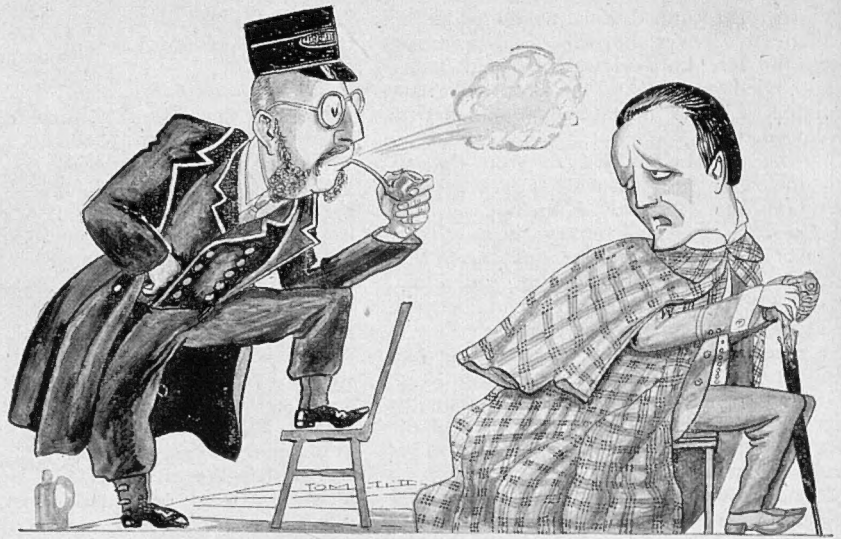
Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative and moves with typically transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

1066 And All That (Saville). Leslie Henson and Doris Hare in a much modernized and renovated revival of the humorous skit on England down the ages.



The Porter's (Harry Locke) Cheerful Philosophy does not appeal to Angel Clare, as full of regrets he waits for the train which will carry him far away from Tess

Sketches by

At the

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles"

ANY theorist can prove, at least to his own satisfaction, that it is a foolish mistake to dramatize a novel. Life would be very dull if we all stuck to our theories. Mr. Shaw, conveniently forgetting the hard things he has said of those who dared lay impious hands on the sacred text of Shakespeare, has found himself re-writing the last act of *Cymbeline*. And sooner or later every great novel, not excepting the obviously unmanageable *War and Peace*, is dramatized, sometimes, as in the present instance, with fortunate results.

Hardy was sound on the theory and expressed it simply and well. "The play ruins the novel and the novel the play," he wrote, but not before he had himself prepared a stage version of "Tess." Mr. Ronald Gow has in this matter an advantage over Hardy. He is not the author of the novel, and so he is able, without feeling that he is murdering the fairest children of his fancy, to open the play more than half-way through the novel, which turns out to be at precisely the right point. It is Angel Clare's wedding night, and having confessed the youthful peccadillo of a clergyman's son to his peasant bride, he consents with the manly good humour of inexperience to lend a patronizing ear to what she has more than once tried to tell him. His horrified desertion of the bewildered Tess ends an act which has worked in all the relevant historical facts without ceasing to appear part of a play.

THE rest of the events that bring Tess to the scaffold follow in a sequence which is more or less naturally dramatic. We are shown the family pressure which draws Tess back to her seducer; the return of Angel Clare "too late"; the murder of Alec; the spiritual reckoning of husband and wife during



Angel Clare (Hugh Burden) the priggish husband whose desertion of Tess drives her to such desperate action



Tess (Wendy Hiller) contemplates the carving knife with murderous intent as her lover, Alec D'Urberville (Henry Mollison), cynically taunts her about the husband she adores

Tom Titt

Theatre

(Piccadilly)



Tess (Wendy Hiller) on whom the centuries-old curse of the D'Urbervilles falls so heavily

ANTHONY COOKMAN

BACKSTAGE



DURING the summer, when the season which begins on Monday will be under the direction of the American producer Robert Henderson, the Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill, will cease temporarily, to be a temple of poetic drama. Mr. Henderson opens with Eugene O'Neill's *S.S. Glencairn* which, though an early work, has not yet been seen in this country. It deals with dramatic incidents on board a British tramp steamer.

His further productions will include *The Male Animal* by the American humourist James Thurber, *Elizabeth the Queen* by Maxwell Anderson, *Young Shelley* by Guy Bolton and *I Said to Myself*, a first play by Florida Scott Maxwell.

BECAUSE of the illness of Diana Churchill, Brenda Bruce has taken over the part of Eliza Doolittle in *Pygmalion* which comes to the Lyric, Hammer-smith, on June 17, with Alec Clunes as Prof. Higgins and Mervyn Johns as Doolittle. Shaw's play, first produced in 1914, will be presented as a period piece.

Betty Ann Davies and Mary Morris will appear in the two Jean Paul Sartre plays which will follow *Pygmalion*. Translated and adapted by Kitty Black, they will be directed by Peter Brook. One of the plays, *Les Morts sans Sepulture*, will be entitled *Men Without Shadow*, but so far no one has found a suitable title for the other, *La Putain Respectueuse* for which, I take it, something more respectable is sought.

IN the autumn that clever young film and stage actor, Bonar Colleano, hopes to appear in a revival of *Burlesque*, by Arthur Hopkins and George M. Watters, the play in which Nelson Keys and Claire Luce (her first part in the West End) were seen at the Queen's in 1928.

This comedy of back-stage life has recently been successfully revived on Broadway with Bert Lahr as the comedian Skid and Colleano thinks this role will give him the best chance he has had since he became a West End player.

TO any old playgoer one of the pleasantest of the new features of 1066 *And All That*, at the Saville, is Doris Hare's impersonation of Marie Lloyd singing "One of the ruins that Cromwell knocked abait a bit." She manages quite uncannily to recapture the voice and style of the great comedienne. Yet as Marie Lloyd died in 1922, it is hardly surprising to learn that Miss Hare has nothing more than a dim childhood memory of seeing her, on one occasion only, from the wings of the old Alhambra.

"If I do manage to imitate Marie successfully," she told me, "it is entirely due to her sister Alice (who is now seventy-two), for she coached me for the part. 'Whatever you do,' she said, 'don't hurry. Take your time. Marie always did and that is how she got her effect so surely.'"

The elastic-side boots, the forlorn hat, the hand-bag and the coat which Miss Hare wears all belonged to Marie.

DOLORES GRAY, the strikingly pretty actress who has come from America to star in *Annie Get Your Gun*, which opens at the Coliseum on Saturday and who has changed from ash-blonde to brunette to fit the part, has been helped into success by what one lyrical New York critic has described as "a deep-down body-and-soul type of voice."

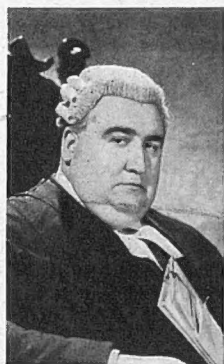
At the age of nine she set out to follow in her mother's footsteps as a ballerina but she discovered that she had a voice and a flair for acting and she made her first bid for popularity in night clubs. She was seen at the Copacabana by Billy Rose, the Broadway impresario, who booked her to sing in his production of *Seven Lively Arts*. Later on she made a big hit in *Are You With It?* which had a long run on Broadway. Though Hollywood is her home town, she is more interested in theatre work than in films, but it is likely that, following the London run of *Annie Get Your Gun* she may accept a film offer.

Beaumont Newhall

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

In Reply To Yours



Francis L. Sullivan plays the Prosecuting Council in Cineguild's murder mystery "Take My Life" which is produced by Anthony Havelock Allan and directed by Ronald Neame. The stars are Greta Gynt and Hugh Williams

SEVERAL correspondents having asked for some more of my delectable opera plots, I make haste to oblige. Here is *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Sir John has written two love-letters to Mrs. Fluth and Mrs. Reich. They resolved to take revenge to him. After leaving the stage their husband appears attended by Messrs. Sparlich und Cajus. The Stage is changed: Mrs. Fluth awaits Mr. Falstaff; Mrs. Reich entered too and now the wonderful scene: Mr. Falstaff in the clothes-baskets.

Second act: The same play: Falstaff appears at the second time. Now he is putted in the cloths of an old aunt, whom is forbidden the house of Mr. Reich. After some merilly scenes he leaves the house as an old woman, attended by the strike of Mr. Reich's stick.

Third Act: Room in Reich's house. The married couples are in the best humour, the wives have confessed and now they have the intention the old Falstaff to punish the third time.

Changement of the stage: Midnight, in the forest with a hunting house; all persons appears; at least Falstaff too. The two wives are greeting him; singing a Terzett. Suddenly ghosts are appearing, amusing herself to strike Falstaff in the best manner.

And here is *The Taming of the Refractory*.

First act: Street in Padua, before the house of Baptista, a rich nobleman. Lucento, lover of Bianca, and his friends are singing her songs.

Now appears Hortensio, lover of the same, singing her also a serenade. Laughing about that, going away, during the two lovers are singing. Baptista separates the two, telling that the time is not still coming for Bianca. Each lover resolves to serve the house of the nobleman as teacher, gaining on this way the love of Bianca.

Now Petruchio, a nobleman from Verona, appears. Hearing, that here is a girl also haughty as he wish her to his wife: "She is a woman, created for such a man."

Second act: The two girls going in the garden. Baptista appears in the room, attended by Petruchio, Hortensio as teacher of music and Lucento, teacher of language. Petruchio asked Katharina for his wife, during the other lovers are gone in the garden, Petruchio renewed his solicitation; together with her he is enjoyed from the good humor of the girl and is fixing short hand the wedding-day on the next Monday.

Third act: The whole guests are together; only the bridegroom is not there. After the guests are gone away Petruchio appears and now the wedding is beginning. After the wedding Petruchio declare to depart without delay. The whole guests begging to rest; but in vain. Katharina herself is begging; as she is commanding to rest he is carry away her violent.

Fourth act: Room in Petruchio's house. Petruchio bursting for anger about all things; nothing can satisfying him. Katharina is nearly broken in the hearth; but she loves him and her refractory is justly going away. Petruchio also loves her and after some quarrels their hearths are finding together to a happy life.

CORRESPONDENTS have written to say that for me to complain of Mr. Olivier's butter-coloured hair as Hamlet before I have seen the performance is unfair. But I have seen a photograph of Mr. Olivier with his lemon-cheese chevelure, and the result leaves me with no eyes for anything else. I remember a modern dress performance of *Macbeth*. The shadow not of tragedy, but of the furniture-dealer's plain van hung over that lounge-hall with its tasteful little table, standard lamp and pot of primulas. The banqueting scene had all the excitement and colour of a Ruritanian coronation, the third act appeared to be set in some musical comedy of the Balkans or the film version of Mr. Noel Coward's *The Queen Was In The Parlour*. I remember that the spiritual home of Lady Macbeth was obviously the more exclusive portions of Finsbury Park, with the speech beginning:

What beast was't then

That made you break this enterprise to me?

uttered by the speaker reclining in abandonment and luxury, and the arms of her Sheik on an art-coloured divan with a gramophone playing the opening to the fourth act of *Carmen*! I remember coming out of the theatre feeling as though I just had not seen a performance of *Macbeth* at all.

THE point is not that there are not any blond, moody Danes. The point is that I, personally, shall be so much distracted by the blondness that I shall have no eyes for the moodiness. What is done cannot be undone, says Lady Macbeth. But what is dyed can be undyed or re-dyed. I implore Mr. Olivier to think again before he films the part.

OF Mr. Olivier's stage Hamlet I wrote ten years ago:

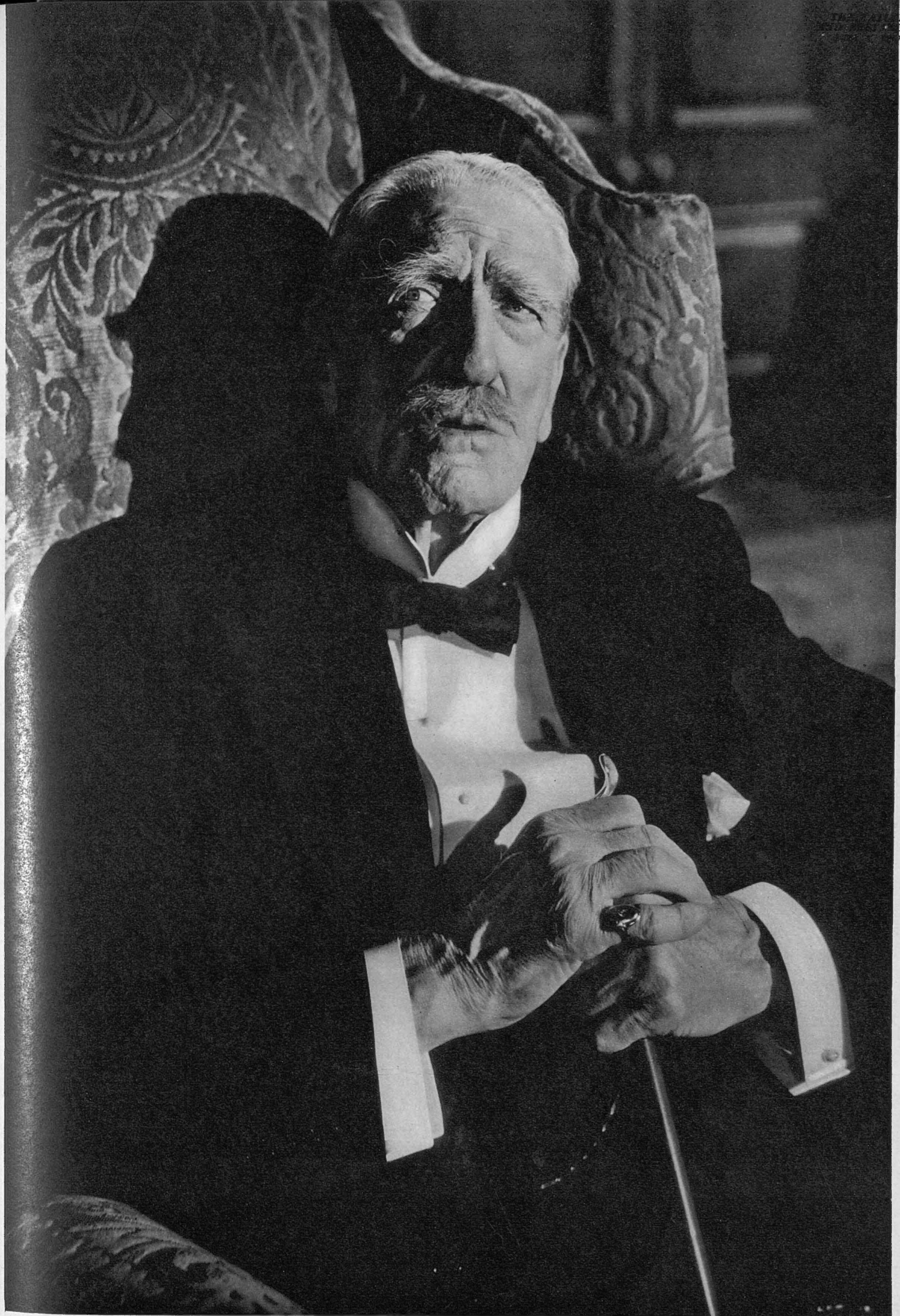
Mr. Olivier has a well-turned head, a pleasing, youthful face, a magnificent voice of bow-string tautness and vibrancy, good carriage, a springy, pantherine gait, and the requisite inches. Now we must ask: Can he act Hamlet? I detect in Mr. Olivier none of the vulgarity which Lewes found in Lemaitre. But I do observe a modern, jaunty off-handedness which is presumably a legacy from parts of the Beau Geste order. I do not refer here to the one quality in which Mr. Olivier's Hamlet excels any Hamlet of recent years—its pulsating vitality and excitement. After Claudius has left at the end of the Play Scene this Hamlet acts literally all over the stage, his "Why, let the stricken deer go weep" being accompanied by a tremendous leap from the perched-up throne on to the mimic stage below, and thence down to the footlights in an access of high hysteria. That is matter for the most compelling admiration. The jauntiness complained of occurs in the philosophic passages, which too often take on a note approaching pertness.

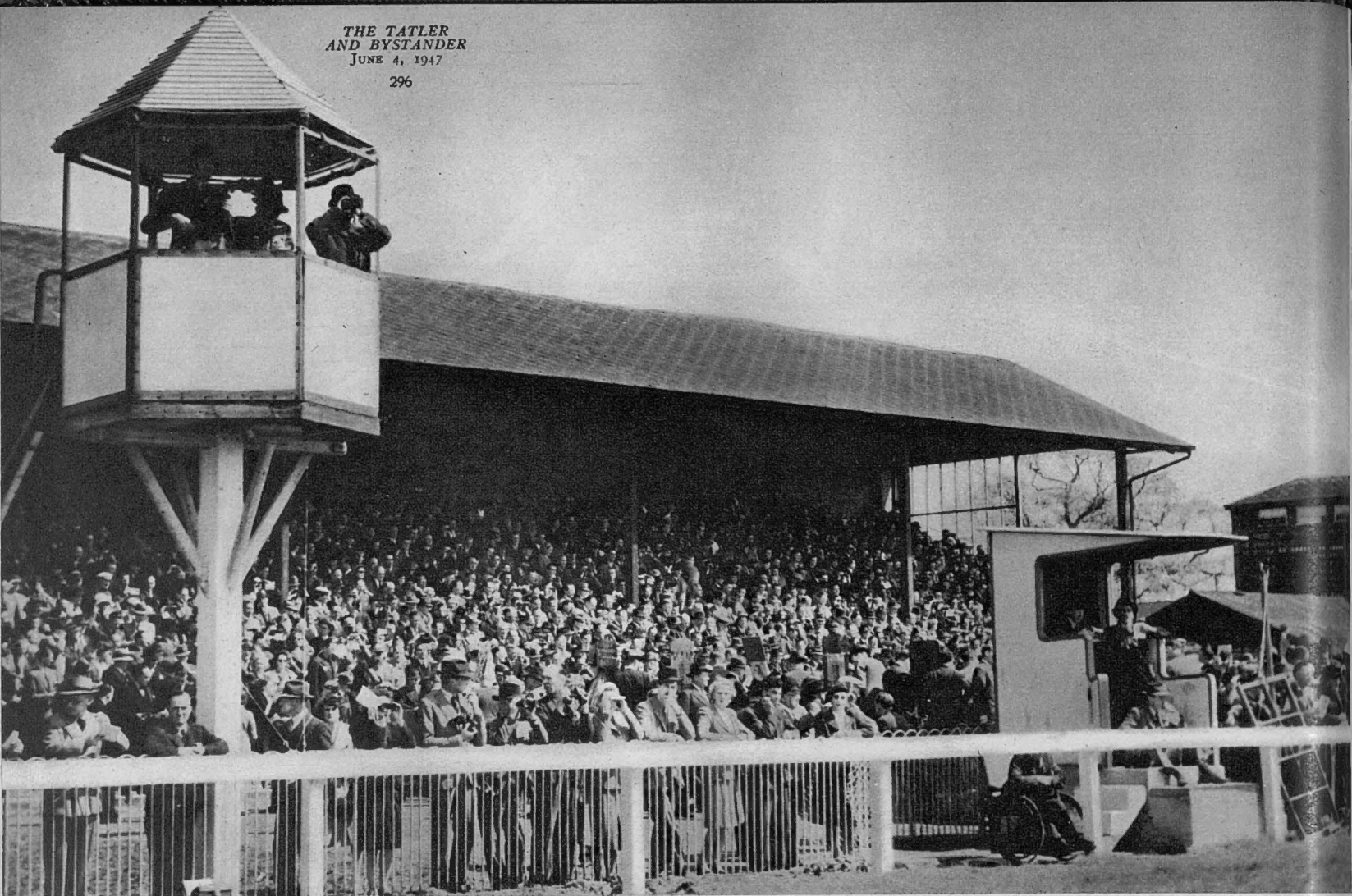
WHICH brings me back again to the yellow hair. What if the note does not approach pertness but achieves it? What would Mr. Olivier say if Gertrude chose to appear with those blue or purple tresses doted on by the smarter old ladies of Kensington? What if Ophelia were to decide to shave off her eye-brows and have them redrawn like one acute and one grave French accent? I imagine Mr. Olivier, as director, would put his foot down pretty firmly. Let him put his foot down now with equal firmness. Let him ask what in the shades Kean, Irving and Forbes-Robertson must be thinking of Hamlet as one of Browning's "gaudy melon-flowers."

TAKE My Life (Odeon) is an extremely interesting thriller, with beautiful performances by Hugh Williams, Marius Goring, and, in particular, Francis L. Sullivan.

SIR AUBREY
SMITH, C.B.E.

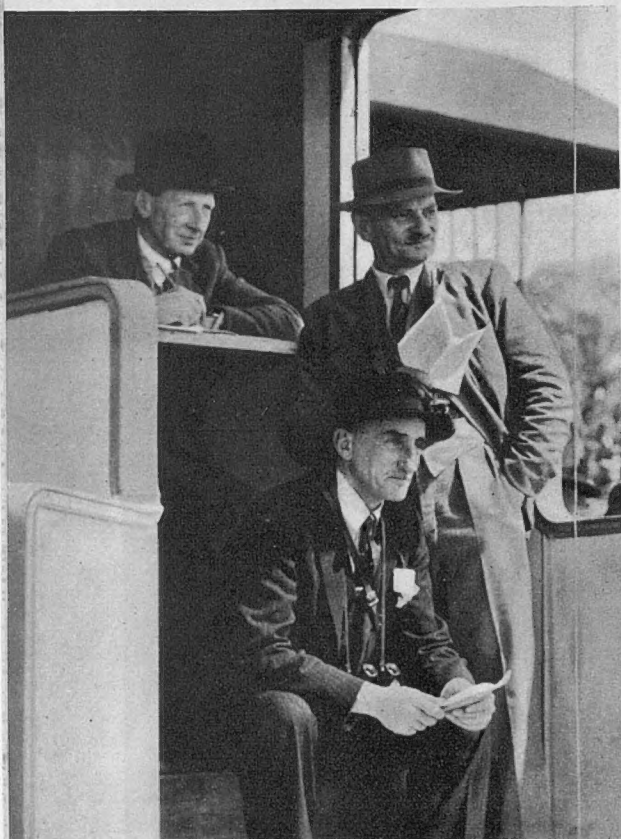
This fine old actor is now visiting his native country to play Lord Caversham in Sir Alexander Korda's production of *An Ideal Husband* by Oscar Wilde. As the irascible old nobleman, father of the elegant and fashionable Lord Goring, played by Michael Wilding, Sir Aubrey has a part which might have been specially written for him and one after his own heart. The film is in Technicolor, and the role of the wicked and glamorous Mrs. Cheveley is played by Paulette Goddard, while a distinguished cast includes Diana Wynyard, Hugh Williams, Glynis Johns and Constance Collier. Sir Aubrey, who celebrates his eighty-fourth birthday in July, was educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge. He was a celebrated cricketer in his youth and was captain of Sussex and of teams touring South Africa and Australia.





The stands packed with an enthusiastic crowd for the mid-May meeting, showing the Stewards' observation-box (left), curiously like a dovecote but very effective, and the Judge's box

THE PONIES ARE OUT AT HAWTHORN HILL



The Judge, Capt. C. A. Hall-Hall (sitting at table), Mr. R. K. Fletcher and Mr. Pritchard (right)

Keen Racing on a Charming Berkshire Course

Deprived of their pre-war home at Northolt, which was so popular when pony racing under the Pony Turf Club Rules began there before the war, the Club has now taken over the famous Hawthorn Hill course near Maidenhead. The Household Brigade held their steeplechase meetings on this course for many years, and it was occupied by the Army during the war. The Pony Club is making a great effort to restore this attractive little mile-and-a-quarter oval course, which lies in the triangle of Maidenhead-Windsor-Bracknell, to its former beauty. The condition of the turf is excellent, and all the usual amenities, including a Tote, are present. The senior steward is Mr. Edward Mason. There are to be forty meetings this season, of which three have already been held



Major C. L. Carlos Clarke (left) and Major-Gen. Lord Burnham, two of the Stewards

*Photographs by Tasker.
Press Illustrations*



Mr. C. J. Burke receiving the Hawthorn Spring Vase from Mrs. H. E. Brown



Mrs. J. Sail, whose Golden Adventure won the Chesham Plate, talking to Capt. J. R. Lancaster



Mrs. Dorothy Livingstone, Mrs. R. Bott and W. Christie, the well-known flat-racing jockey



Mr. J. Mann talking to Mr. M. A. Collins, the owner, and Miss Norah Wilmot, the owner and trainer



Mrs. A. K. Chambers, Mrs. H. E. Brown and Miss D. G. Mathew in the owners' stand



Mr. I. J. Avery, Mr. H. Franklin, owner of the Bracknell Plate winner, F. Payne and Miss O. Burry



Left: Miss O. Burry leading in Milne Bay (F. Payne up) after winning the Miss Jayne Memorial Plate. Right: Mr. W. Moggs's Penny-a-Bunch (striped cap) beating Mr. H. Franklin's Final Addition in a neck-and-neck finish for the Hopeful Maiden Plate

EVEN the stringencies of rationing, which restricted the menu to three courses compared with the ten or twelve that were served when their Majesties returned from Canada eight years ago, could not detract from the warmth of the City's welcome to the Royal travellers when they were the guests of the Lord Mayor at the State luncheon at the Guildhall to celebrate their return from South Africa. Although suffering from laryngitis, the King fought successfully to deliver his long speech, and looked extremely well and sun-burnt. The Queen, who was in blue with a small hat to match, and both the Princesses showed clearly how much good the tonic air of South Africa has done them.

It was a distinguished company indeed which welcomed their Majesties, with Queen Mary, looking as regal as ever, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Jowitt, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee at the top table. Among other well-known people I noticed were Sir Hartley Shawcross and his attractive wife, Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder and Lady Tedder, Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, who was announced by his official title as "The Constable of the Tower," Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, Mr. Anthony Eden, who received the loudest cheer of any when he arrived at the pre-lunch reception, Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, Viscount and Viscountess Rothermere, Sir Alfred and Lady Munnings, Lord and Lady Catto, and Admiral Sir John Cunningham, the First Sea Lord.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND recently entertained the South African cricket team and their wives, who are visiting this country, at their lovely Surrey home, Sutton Place. The Duke and Duchess visited South Africa themselves at the beginning of this year and returned in the same ship with the team, so they were renewing many friendships made on the voyage.

The house-party staying at Sutton that week-end were the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Jowitt, Laura Lady Lovat, Sir Anthony Weldon, Mr. Duncan Sandys and Lord and Lady McGowan.

Amongst the friends who came to lunch or tea or just looked in for a short while to meet the visitors were Lord and Lady Kemsley, Mr. Heaton Nicholls, the High Commissioner for South Africa, and Loelia Duchess of Westminster, who brought Mr. Denis Alexander and his wife, who is Lady Kemsley's daughter.

The Countess of Rosslyn came with Miss Rosie Talbot. Miss Wendy Shakespeare, the Duchess of Sutherland's tall and very pretty

daughter, came down from London, and Sir Bede Clifford, with his lovely American wife, both looking very fit and tanned after their stay in Italy, came in after tea. Unfortunately the weather was not very kind; so no one was able to ride or go on the river or bathe in the fine swimming-pool, as had been arranged. In the morning many of the visitors looked over the beautiful house, which was built about 1523 by Sir Richard Weston. It is an interesting house in that it was one of the earliest to be built in England wholly as a peaceful dwelling and entirely without any thought of defence. I met Mr. Bruce Mitchell, who made a century at Lord's a couple of days later, with his attractive wife. Mrs. Mitchell, who paints and draws well herself, was thrilled with the wonderful pictures everywhere in the house. Later I walked down with Mr. Alan Melville, the South African Test captain, and his exceptionally pretty wife to watch a men's four playing tennis on the covered hard court. Mrs. Harris and her husband, the South African batsman, who is so good at all ball games, both joined us down there.

AT the end of the delicious lunch, to which about fifty guests sat down in the long dining-room, the Duke of Sutherland made a charming speech welcoming the South Africans, which was followed by a very witty and brief speech by the Lord Chancellor. Other speakers were Mr. Heaton Nicholls, Lord McGowan and Lord Kemsley. Mr. Melville replied brilliantly for the visitors. After lunch the Duchess, who is such a charming hostess, looking neat and pretty in a tweed suit, showed us the amusing and clever coloured film she took during their recent visit to South Africa.

Before tea many of the guests walked along to see the Duke's model dairy and his Red Poll cows being milked by machine. Everything is done here under the most wonderful conditions with the most modern equipment. Among the interested spectators watching the forty to fifty cows come in in relays of ten to be milked were Mr. and Mrs. Duffus, who have come over with the South African team, Mr. "Tufty" Mann, who told me he was making a return trip to England, as he had been up at Cambridge,

where he got a golf blue, and Mr. Pitt, who has also come over for the tour. He is vice-president of the South African Cricket Association. I think all the Duke and Duchess's guests will remember this as a very happy and informal day in a lovely English home.

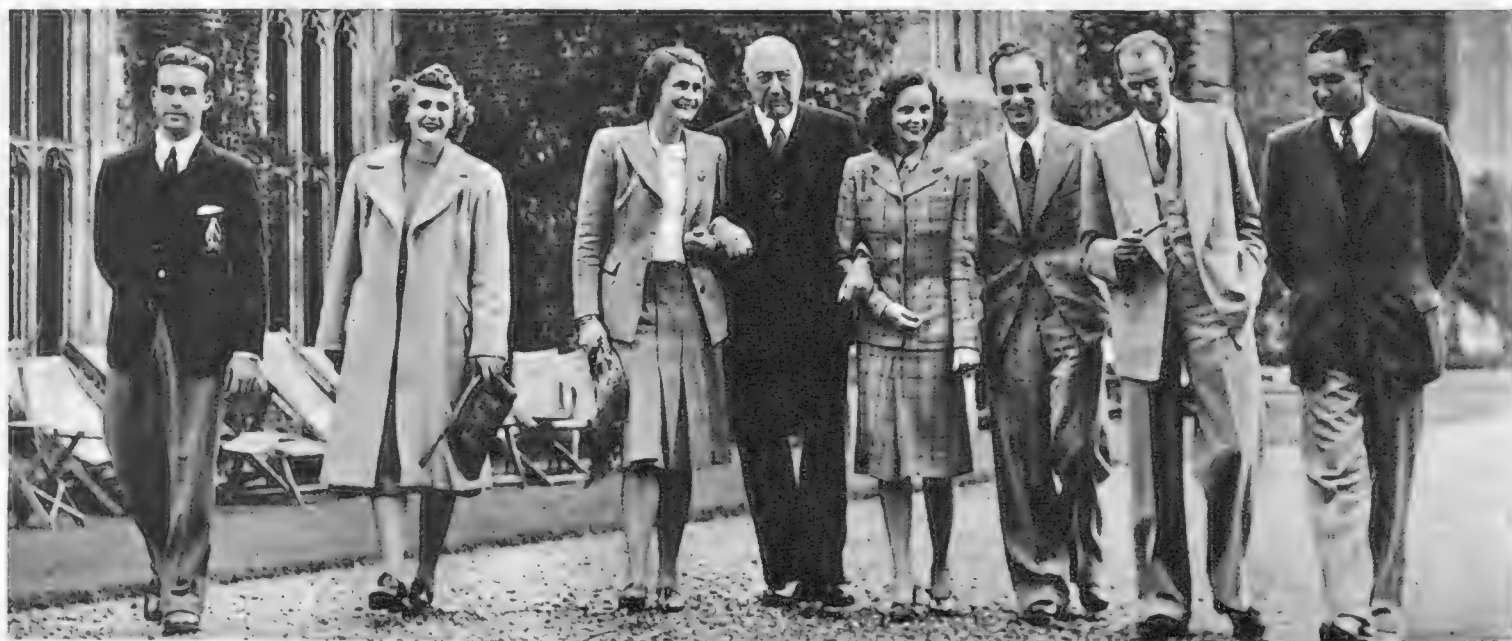
EVERYONE in London is delighted to have a chatelaine at the American Embassy residence in Prince's Gate once again. Not since Mrs. Kennedy was there with her large family before the war has an Ambassador's wife been in residence. Mrs. Douglas, who is very attractive, with great chic and a delightful, quiet friendliness, was busy settling in when I visited her and just longing for her big luggage to arrive, as, although the Embassy is furnished, she has brought some of her own pictures and ornaments, and longed to have her personal belongings around her to make it more home-like. With Mrs. Douglas was her very pretty eighteen-year-old daughter Sharman ("Sas" to her family), who came out in America in the autumn and is thrilled at arriving here in time for the London season.

Before I left, the Ambassador came in to complete this very happy family, which we are all so delighted to have in our midst. He was taking his daughter, who was wearing an enchanting long black lace dress, to join Sir John and Lady Anderson in their box at Covent Garden to see Massine dance in *The Three Cornered Hat*. The performance was honoured by the presence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester in the Royal Box with her sister, Lady Mary Burghley, her uncle, Lord Francis Scott, on a visit from Kenya, and Miss Dorothy Meynell, who was in attendance on the Duchess. Sir John and Lady Anderson's other guests besides Miss Sharman Douglas included the Duchess of Gloucester's pretty little niece, Lady Caroline Scott, the Marquess of Anglesey and the Hon. Colin Tennant.

MRS. STANHOPE JOEL and Mrs. Cowan Dobson recently gave a joint cocktail-party in Mr. Cowan Dobson's delightful studio in Edwardes Square. On this lovely, sunny evening the beautiful old square, secluded

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL



The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland Entertain the South African Cricket Team

The South African team were recently entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who had met them coming over on the ship, at their beautiful Surrey home, Sutton Place, near Guildford. Above, some of the party strolling in the grounds: Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Mitchell, Lord McGowan, the Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. Bob Mitchell, Mr. Alan Melville and Mr. D. Dyer

JOURNAL

and quiet and surrounded by charming houses, was a blaze of colour, for the beds of tulips were at their best and every tree seemed to be covered in blossom. Up in the studio guests streamed in and out the whole evening, everyone admiring the portrait Mr. Dobson had just finished of Mrs. Joel wearing a dress in the softest shade of green.

Among the guests who were enjoying the good champagne cocktails and the wonderful snacks I saw Lady Bethell, who has a house in Chelsea, Sir John Leigh, Countess Middleton talking to Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, looking nice in blue, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, Sir Charles and Lady Doughty, Mr. Stanhope Joel and Mr. Cowan Dobson, Dana and Solna Joel, who are just back from Switzerland, Mr. and Mrs. Mackle, the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. William Jowitt, Mr. Guy Puckle, the originator of so many good stories, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Beloe, Mrs. Lauri Gardner, Lady Caroline Agar, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Carr, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kleinwort, who have such a lovely home near Haywards Heath as well as one in America.

LEAFY "LINGFIELD could not have been more enjoyable than it was for the May meeting. The sun shone brilliantly both days, the going was good, the racing excellent, and the band played gaily on the lawn, where the flower-beds were a blaze of colour. On the second day there was a tremendous crowd to see the Derby Trial Stakes and the Oaks Trial Stakes. The former was won easily by Gayajirao, who must have a very good each way chance in the Derby.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the latter in a fawn suit with a pleated skirt and straw hat trimmed with veiling, were in the paddock to see the Duchess's Dumbell before the second race.

I saw the tall, good-looking Marchioness of Linlithgow walking around to the far side of the paddock trying to get a good view of the horses. Lady Claud Hamilton had got a good place near the rails and was chatting to Major B. Walker; Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill were escorting his mother, the Marchioness of Abergavenny; Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Hollebone were greeting many friends on the lawn, and others I saw in the Members' Enclosure were Countess Fitzwilliam talking to Mr. Bernard van Cutsem, Mme. Thieusies, wife of the Belgian Ambassador, in grey with a scarlet hat, Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Warwick Bryant, still better remembered as Mrs. Philip Hill, who has recently returned from South Africa, chatting to Mrs. John Dewar, and Prince Vsevolode and his wife, Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, who looked attractive and cool in a printed crepe dress, as did pretty Mrs. Pretzlik.

Others enjoying this very nice meeting were Lady Orr-Lewis, the Hon. Mrs. Jock Skeffington, Mrs. Charles Butler, Sir Evelyn and Lady Broughton, the Marquess of Abergavenny, who is one of the Stewards, Sir Nigel Mordaunt, the Earl and Countess of Lewes (the Earl has recently become Joint-Master of the Eridge Hounds), Miss Violet de Trafford, Mr. Roger Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Lesslie and Lord Anson.

DATES for your engagement-book are the Midsummer Ball on June 6th at Grosvenor House, for which the Marchioness of Tweeddale is chairman; it is in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind; the following week there is the June Ball at the Dorchester on the 14th in aid of the National Children Adoption Association; and on Friday, June 27th, there is the St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Reunion Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the St. Mark's Rehabilitation Fund.



Lenore
Miss Prue Makower is the eighteen-year-old second daughter of Col. John Makower, M.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Makower, of Henley-on-Thames. She is being presented at the Royal garden-party



Miss Diana Cross is the second daughter of Sir Ronald Cross, Bt., and Lady Cross. She was educated at Frensham School, New South Wales, Australia



Miss Rhodanthe Leeds is the only daughter of Sir Reginald Leeds and Lady Leeds. Her father, who is the sixth baronet, succeeded his cousin in 1924. Miss Leeds has one older brother



Harlip
Miss Lavinia French is the daughter of the late Hon. Bertram French and of the Hon. Mrs. French. Her father was a son of the fourth Lord de Freyne



Swaebe
Miss Honor Walker is the daughter of Mr. E. G. S. Walker and Lady Bettie Walker. Her mother is a daughter of the ninth Earl of Denbigh and Desmond. Miss Walker's home is in Kenya



The Hon. Brigid Westenra is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Rossmore. Lord Rossmore, who is the sixth baron, succeeded his father in 1921. Miss Westenra is a keen horsewoman

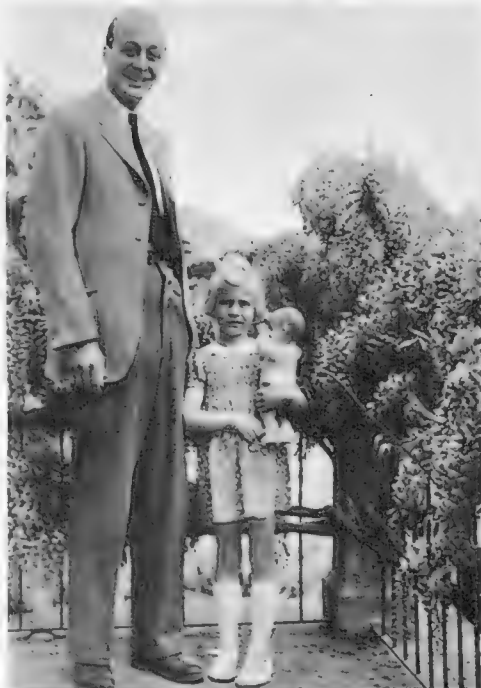
SOME OF THIS YEAR'S DEBUTANTES

BY THE ITALIAN LAKES

Holidaymakers in One of Europe's Most Enchanting Districts



Photographs by Dr. R. H. Schloss
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Gee and daughter in front of the harbour at Ascona, on the Swiss shore of Lake Maggiore. This delightful town is very near Locarno



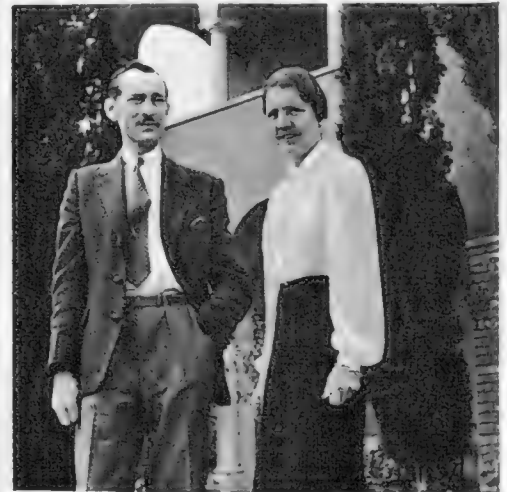
Prince Constantin Liechtenstein with his little daughter Monica at Ruvigliana, near Lugano



Mrs. Stephen Black, wife of the film-script writer, with her daughter Truday at Ascona



Greta Keller, the U.S. singer, and Mrs. Charles Marais, a granddaughter of one of Whymper's companions on his first ascent of the Matterhorn



Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Garston in front of the new wing of their house, Panera, on the hillside at Sorengo, near Lugano



André Gide, the famous French author, writing on the garden wall at his Ascona house

Viscount and Viscountess Erleigh and Their Family

Viscount Erleigh is the only son and heir of the Marquess of Reading. He served with the Queen's Bays during the war and was awarded the M.C. and M.B.E. Viscountess Erleigh was formerly Miss Margot Irene Duke, daughter of Mr. Percy Duke, and married Lord Erleigh in 1941. They have three children, the Hon. Simon, the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Jacqueline Isaacs. Their home was in Surrey until recently, when they moved to the Old Rectory, near Crawley, in Sussex



Lord and Lady Erleigh give their sons, the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Simon Isaacs, a riding lesson. This calls for help and guidance on the part of the parents, while the horse decides he would like some more grass



Lord and Lady Erleigh's elder son, the Hon. Simon Isaacs, takes his toy horse to make friends with a real one



Jacqueline, a very cheerful baby, shows appreciation of her two dignified guardians. She was born in November last year



The Hon. Anthony, the Hon. Simon and the Hon. Jacqueline Isaacs. Simon was five last month and his brother Anthony is a year younger

Swaebe



Viscount Savernake Comes of Age

Elder son of the Earl of Cardigan, Viscount Savernake recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday with a garden party at his home, Tottenham Court, Savernake, Wilts. Above are seen the Earl of Cardigan, his younger son, the Hon. Piers Brudenell-Bruce, Viscount Savernake, the Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Marquess of Ailesbury (the Earl of Cardigan's father), and Lady Rosemary Brudenell-Bruce, younger daughter of the Earl

Michael K. Hanin An Irish Commentary

Report on Fishing . . . "Official" Gaelic . . . An Irish Woman Artist

IT has for some time been my intention to devote some space to fishing, but what with travel and politics I found difficulty in fitting this into the page. Now the Mayfly are rising from the lakes and the sea trout and peal anxiously awaited—in fact, the fishing season is well advanced and I have told you nothing about it. First of all, let me say that from nearly every quarter I hear great reports of the run of spring salmon, and the take has been very good. There is every indication that, if 1947 may be a black and depressing year for many in other respects, at least the salmon fisherman in Ireland will recall it with enthusiasm.

My own little river (the Owen Bolisky) which runs into the north side of Galway some 11 miles west of the city, has produced spring fish for me this year. It is not for me now to go into the controversy as to whether salmon and peal (grilse) are different species, but for many years, except for a very occasional specimen, my river has not produced any fish before the peal start to run, about the last week of June. Then suddenly this year salmon have been reported and caught in April—small spring fish about 10 lbs. in weight.

Some fifteen years ago I started a hatchery into which my keeper stripped local fish, besides importing some 15,000 fry each year from the Government hatcheries. Some of these fry came from the large spring-fish rivers, and it may well be that these are the fish that I am now catching. This would tend to show that salmon and peal are different species, but I would prefer to wait a few years to see what happens before offering a firm opinion.

OVER the mountain on Lough Corrib I hear the brown-trout anglers have had fair sport, whilst many salmon have passed up through the lake into the upper rivers, where they have been caught. Lough Corrib, with its fishing capital at Oughterard, has in recent years become the leading resort for fishermen. The reason is twofold: one that there has been a steady improvement in the fishing, perhaps due, among other things, to the effort made by the

Corrib Anglers' Association, who run a trout hatchery at Oughterard; the other, that it is possible to obtain accommodation for fishermen, either in the several good small hotels or guest-houses at Oughterard or the luxurious Ashford Castle Hotel at Cong, to which I have made previous reference.

As I have to be away, my own fishing so far has been confined to two days on the Shannon above Limerick. This river, as will be remembered, was mutilated some twenty years ago when the electricity scheme started. The river-level is still very low, but during the last nine years there has been a steady improvement in fishing except last year, which, as everywhere over here, was bad for salmon though fair for peal. I was fishing with Mr. Liam Forde, who is the fishery director on the Electricity Supply Board and who is untiring in his efforts to improve the fishing on the river. I must admit that I had no complaint, for I had a rise the third cast and caught two fish in the first hour; after that the weather broke and the rest of the week-end was no good.

Castle Connel is the centre for Shannon fishing. I stayed on the County Clare bank at "Landscape," a small and well-run guest-house owned by Mme. Dobrzynka, who is the wife of the Polish Consul-General, who has been in Ireland for the last twenty years. M. Dobrzynska is still accredited to Ireland, though he represents the old (and not the present Warsaw) Government. His daughter served in England in the W.A.A.F. during the war as a meteorologist.

THE other day I happened to see my friend Liam O'Flaherty. It is about a year since I last saw him when I travelled over to Aran with him. It was then his first visit to his home since the war. He now spends his time mostly in Dublin. He has been writing in Irish, but tells me at the moment he is writing again in English. His contributions to Irish literature may be considerable, for he is a native speaker who has won international repute as a forcible and realist writer of English prose.

O'Flaherty likes an argument and often trails

his coat. Last year he advocated in an interview the compulsory learning of Irish by force! The result was that he brought a tirade on his head from certain quarters. I do not think he really believed that, but he is an enthusiast for the Irish language. Ireland is divided between the enthusiasts and the cynical, who think it all a waste of time.

SINCE Irish has become compulsory in school curricula and important for obtaining any official position, two strange things have happened. One is that, of necessity, many more people have some knowledge of Irish; the other is that there appear to be fewer people who speak it fluently and as their natural language. Thirty years ago a traveller from Dublin to the West would be conscious of hearing Irish spoken about midway across County Galway. Now he has to travel west of the city to enter the Gaelteacht. And even here, where I live, which is an Irish-speaking district, one hears more English than one did ten years ago.

I am told that in other parts of Connemara the Irish disappeared with the laying of the railway line (which has since been pulled up) and the resulting commerce and travel. On our seaboard we have a continual procession of lorries collecting turf. These lorries are more often than not driven by strangers and their language is English, and may well be a potent influence in the decline of the speaking of the language. It would be tragic to see this natural-spoken Irish disappear.

MISS NORAH MCGUINNESS tells me that her third one-man show opened at the Leicester Galleries on May 15th. She has not had a London show since 1936, though her pictures have been shown twice in New York since then and she had several works in the Irish Living Art Exhibition in London last autumn. Miss McGuinness's work is noticeable for its strong colouring and bold line. Unfortunately, I do not expect to be able to see the show, but knowing her work so well, I feel that anyone interested in painting, especially as it develops in Ireland, should pay the show a visit.

Priscilla in Paris

The Silver Bridge

THIS is the time of the year when engagement books ought to have double pages for every twenty-four hours, and it is delightful to feel that, despite food shortage, strikes and super-taxation, Paris is pulling up her nylons and showing a smiling face to her visitors.

Old-timers of *la vie Parisienne* enjoyed a sentimental thrill one night this week when the "Silver Bridge" was brought out of its hiding-place and set up in the vast inner courtyard of the old Lebaudy mansion, and all Paris, fortified by champagne and delicious *petits fours*, gathered to cheer its return. The famous Bal des Petits Lits Blancs (thus named by Edmond Rostand) will take place at the Grand Opera House on June 26th for the first time since 1939, and the Pont d'Argent, glittering across the immense, floodlit stage and auditorium, where a dance-floor will be laid down, will again rock and quiver under the dancing feet of the many star performers who will appear on it to dance, act, recite and sing for charity. This is being organised by the *Figaro*, *Paris-Press*, *Air-France*, and *Revivre*, the association that does so much for the orphans of the Resistance.

CLAUDE DAUPHIN and François Perrier, who will act as speaker and master of ceremony on the occasion, were present when the bridge was disinterred, and Claude made a charming little speech in which he said that the Pont d'Argent was the one bridge that was not blown up during the war. In effect the "bridge," that was taken to pieces and hidden in 1940, is really a circular track standing on a light metal framework that rises to the level of the grand circle boxes, so that the all-star entertainment, that lasts from midnight till dawn, can be seen by the crowd on the floor just as well as by the seat-holders in the boxes and balconies. It is an honour to be asked to perform at this function, and the silver slats have been trodden by such pre-war and present stars as Maurice Chevalier, Marie Dubas, Elsie Janis, Josephine Baker, Mistinguett, Lily Pons, Layton and Johnson, George Grossmith (junior), Gaby Morlay, Spinelly, Raquel Meller, the Gertrude Hoffman girls, and, of course, *les Tiller*!

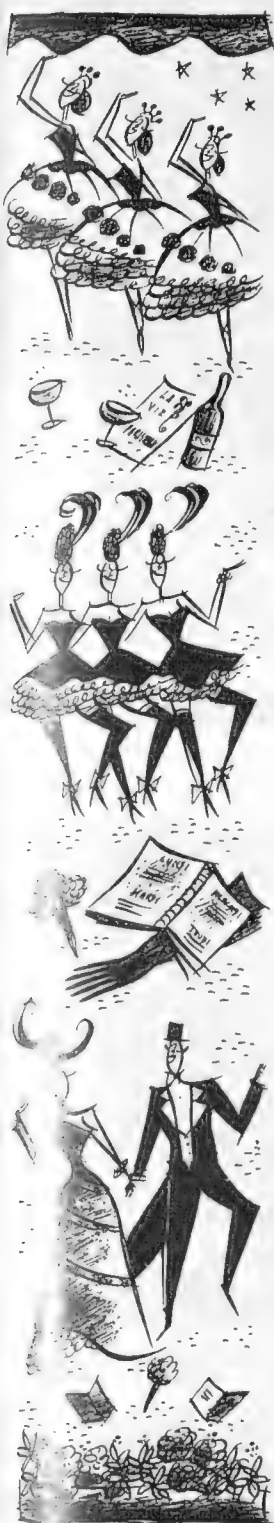
Now there will also be all the young people who have come to the fore so brilliantly in these last years. The other evening, after Rosine

Deréan (Mme. Claude Dauphin, who suffered at Buchenwald, but who is now her pretty and clever self again) had cut the blue ribbon that spanned the centre of the bridge and declared it "open," these youngsters made their appearance, somewhat overwhelmed by shyness, as well as giddiness, on finding how difficult it is to perform without the magic and reassuring barrier of footlights. But what their elders have done, and are doing, they can do also... it is a mere matter of rehearsal and hard work.

THE causerie on the life of Edouard Bourdet, given at the Carrère rooms, by André Rivollet, one of the most brilliant of the young French literary men, was well attended. The gathering round the tea-tables in the pleasant white and crimson room included the Duchesse de Clermont Tonnerre, the Duc and Duchesse de la Force, the Comtesse de Gaumont la Force, the Duc and Duchesse de San Felice, the Marquise de la Béraudière, the Comtesse de Caumont, Mme. Philippe Berthelot, Mme. Pierre Decourcelle (widow of the author of the famous melodrama of our youth—*Two Little Vagabonds*), the Comtesse Charles de Chambrun, Mme. Edouard Bourdet wearing a lovely black-and-white Lanvin frock, and her stepson, Claude Bourdet. The stage was represented by Josephine Baker, who wore a pair of curious ear-rings made of little gold rings clamped all round the edge of her ears, Mlle. Edmonde Guy, and lovely Gabrielle Ristori, who is having such a success in Louis Beydts' operetta at the Marigny. Marcelle Chantal, the film and stage star, who for many years was Mme. Jefferson-Cohn. Christiane Delyn and Jeanne Veniat performed scenes from Edouard Bourdet's most famous plays, and André Rivollet's causerie brought back to us many happy memories of that great dramatist's career.

Voilà!

● Overheard at Maxim's. A middle-aged, extremely well-groomed Englishman enters. "That's Charles Morgan," says one of his guests. His somewhat too bejewelled companion looks round eagerly, and asks: "Michèle Morgan's brother?"



Louis Jouvet in Molière for the Edinburgh Festival



Scenes from "l'École des Femmes," Molière's biting comedy of jealousy which so upset the seventeenth-century French moralists. It is to be produced by the famous actor Louis Jouvet (left) and his own company at the International Festival of Music and Drama at Edinburgh in August and September. At the right is Dominique Blanchard as the young wife who throws her husband into such torments of suspicion and indecision





The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. The Duchess's horse Comic Lass was third in the Wray Plate on the first day



Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, with her sister, Lady Marjorie Stirling, and Mr. D. A. Stirling



Miss S. Lewis and her sister, wife of Viscount

"THE TATLER" GOES RACING

With the Record Gathering Which S

Photographs



The Hon. Philip Kindersley, younger son of Lord Kindersley, and Mrs. Kindersley, who is a niece of the Earl of Ypres



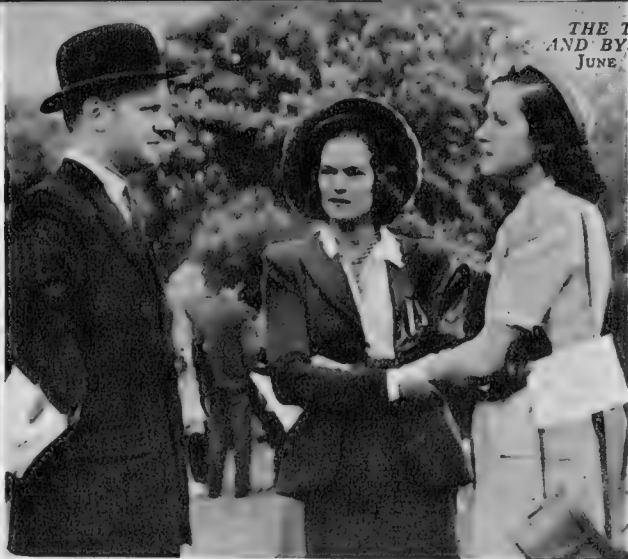
The Earl and Countess of Lewes marking off their programmes. The Earl is the Marquess of Abergavenny's heir



The Hon. Mrs. Henry Tufton, M. and Lt.-Col. the Hon. Hen

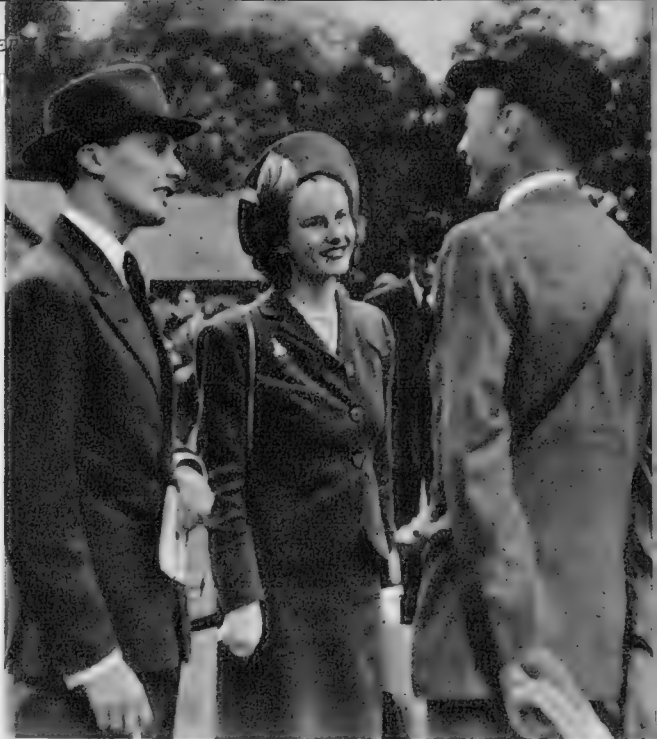


the Hon. Mrs. John Skeffington,
Assereene's son and heir



Viscount Anson, son of the Earl of Lichfield, with
Mrs. William Heinemann and Mrs. Clive Graham

THE TATLER
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Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill, just back from the U.S.A., and
Mr. A. J. Leveson Gower. Lord Rupert Nevill is the Marquess
of Abergavenny's younger son

IN THE SUNSHINE AT LINGFIELD

W Sayajirao Win the Derby Trial Stakes

by Swaebe



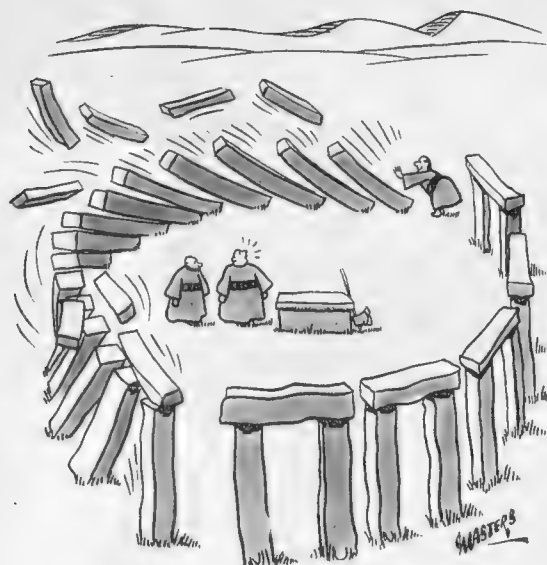
Sir Evelyn and Lady Delves Broughton. Lady Delves
Broughton is Lord Delamere's eldest daughter



Lord Hothfield, Mrs. Parker Bowles
Tufton, Lord Hothfield's heir



Lord Roderic Pratt, brother of Marquess Camden, and Lady Roderic Pratt,
who is a granddaughter of the Earl of Dunraven



"There he goes again—always fooling"

DURING the late excitement over that river-side strike which left Tower Bridge for days with its bascules up, the Fleet Street boys naturally omitted the interesting thing about Tower Bridge, which is that it cost one-and-a-half million sterling in 1886-1894, and is utterly banal and hideous.

The test of a worthy bridge—such as the Ponte Vecchio, or that lovely little 14th-century bridge at Stopham in Sussex, unless the local Calibans have smashed it—is to imagine a beautiful woman pacing slowly over it at evening, like Doña Sabina in Hugo's poem over the Puente de Alcántara at Toledo:

Un chapelet du temps de Charlemagne

Ornait son cou . . .

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

You can't imagine this vision in connection with Tower Bridge, over which at evening pass chiefly redfaced men in bowler hats returning, unwilling and unwelcome, to hostile wives in Surrey. True, each section of the carriageway—1000 tons—takes only 1½ minutes to raise, thus enabling vessels to get into the Pool; but how far (as we once said frankly to a Port of London official) can this showy tomfoolery be said to contribute to the sum-total of human happiness? He had to admit, very little.

Footnote

MEETING this official later, we said: "For one-and-a-half million you could scrap that fake-Gothic monstrosity and build a bridge of elegant simplicity over which the most breathtaking hostesses in Mayfair would pace all day long, exchanging soft glances and light but decorous dalliance with City men, bargees, wharfingers, river police, dredging contractors, tugboat-captains, lightermen, scavengers, longshoremen, and the élite of London River." He said the P.L.A. byelaws (8 Edw. VII, c.68) forbid this, but he lied. We looked them up and found their object is "administering, preserving, and improving." So much for bureaucracy.

Eventide

"**N**EVER be rude," wrote the frivolous "Saki" at least forty years ago, "to any tall, quiet, elderly greybearded stranger you may meet in an hotel abroad. It is probably the King of Sweden." Only a week or so ago his same Majesty, Gustav V, King of the Swedes, the Goths, and the Wends, was attending a gala ballet-performance in Paris, which seems to us a remarkable exhibition of Nordic vigour at the age of 89.

Maybe half-a-century of intensive lawn-tennis is the clue, and we wish we could think of something else, since it implies that Wimbledon queens may also live to an incredibly vigorous old age, having long since shed their suite, from Mumsie down to the third assistant Peking-brusher. What is vaguely uncomfortable (though one can naturally wish those massive

babies no harm) is the thought of Great-Grandmamma bouncing out for a brisk practice-set on the home court. Another eerie thought is the fate of Great-Grandmamma's personal maid if she has failed to inflate those false biceps and calves properly. Rapson! Rapson! Where is my Press-agent? Where is my chaplain, my principal private secretary, my racket-holder, my masseur?

A nice subject for Holbein or Dürer. The scorer at length descends grinning from his high seat and extends a congratulatory hand to the aged big girl, and it is a grisly skeleton hand.

Toughery

ONE thing the Newspaper Commission should consider is some way of combating the deleterious effect of Hollywood films of newspaper life on the normally mild and gentle Fleet Street boys, who for some time have felt compelled to snarl and yell and hustle and display crude and brutal cynicism, under the impression that it is the right thing to do.

It is not. It is needless. It is also pitiful, for this neurotic behaviour is permeating even rural journalism. At a recent flower-show we visited in the South a dewy, innocent young reporter was giving the first-prize gooseberries the kind of look a hard Follies girl gives a berserk stockbroker on Broadway; sour, weary, suspicious, worldly-wise, hostile. We knew his form. He was about to rush back to his news



"Oh, it's you. I thought it was my wife"



"Agnes, dear, pop into the garage for a monkey wrench"

("City") editor and snap out of the corner of his mouth: "Chief, it stinks!" This conversation would ensue in a series of barks:

"Where's yuh goddam story?"

"Dey ain't nutt'n to it!"

"Well, whaddyaknow! Listen, louse—maybe yuh din see no bank-moiderer gunnin' roun' dat dump?"

"Listen, Bawss—"

"Maybe I ain't fixed Flower-Show Love-Nest—Blonde Killer Held?"

"Aw, liss-sun!"

"Yuh fired!"

After which bit of drama the News-Editor breaks down and moans softly in the kindly native *argot* of the English South ("Vair mazed Oi be," etc.), and the poor young tough-guy likewise, in the privacy of the washroom.

Chinoiserie

RECALLING some of the earliest efforts of the film boys (then, as now, in their infancy), a critic reminded us of the first film we remember seeing in our childhood; a terrifying opus full of ferocious actors dressed as Chinese bandits in the Boxer Rising of the 1900's, swarming over tall bamboo palisades and shedding Embassy blood right and left.

Today it would be longer and more subtle, and might even include a satiric glance at the historic procession of Embassy mems staggering away from the Summer Palace, Peking, laden with precious loot of every sort from Ming vases to jade toothpicks. There would also be a love-interest, plainly between the blonde daughter of the Third Secretary and a handsome Chinese bandit-chief, a highly eligible *parti* owning a huge armoured Rolls, banking with Barclay's and the Guaranty Trust, Inc., N.Y., and sporting an authentic Balliol accent. The climax would be renunciation, naturally. "East is East, and West is West," the blonde would murmur sadly.

Sequel

As a Balliol man the bandit would naturally recognise Tennyson's line. But he has a royal parting-gift for his lost love. With an enigmatic Chinese smile he strikes a large bronze gong. Into the cool, luxurious apartment, carried by coolies in livery, comes a sedan-chair of red lacquer with pure gold fittings, and out of it smilingly steps—who do you think?

Why, J. Arthur Rank in person, with a contract offering the lovely girl the coveted part of the grandfather-clock in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

Baa

"**S**HEEP may safely graze" is the title of one of the serenest and loveliest of Papa Bach's pastorals, yet how little the old magician knew or cared about liver-fluke or even worm-drench, we thought, noting a farmer's piercing cry on these topics recently.

Even as Papa Bach admired white flocks lazily cropping the sweet grass of some green quiet valley their hayseed owner might have been howling to a firm of agricultural chemists in Leipsic for more phenothiazine. Similarly a Harley Street specialist might stare at Helen of Troy and murmur "Primary nodulophasia—Groffin's Lesion." Women and sheep alike look different to different professional eyes: though at times, indeed, they look much the same to everybody. For example, the delightful Grammont remarks of Miss Wells, one of the goddess-like beauties of Charles II's Court, that Heaven had lent her charming features "an air of vagueness, which gave her the expression of a dreamy sheep." One need hardly add that under the Second Empire the *profil de mouton* was much admired, and frequently painted by Winterhalter.

Offering

PALE and precious highbrows praising each other over the Third Programme in flute-like voices have given so many citizens the sick that we should like to suggest clearing the vitiated atmosphere with a poetic programme called "A Moue (or Mop) at Julia Moore."

Mrs. Julia Moore, known as the Sweet Singer of Michigan, died in 1920 and published a great deal of verse concerned chiefly with sudden death by railway, yellow fever, civil war, sleigh-accidents, fits, drowning, small-pox, and choking on beef. A typical lament on the Ashtabula Bridge crash, very suitable for dramatic "presentation," begins:

Have you heard of the dreadful fate
Of Mr. P. P. Bliss and wife?
Of their death I will relate,
And also others lost their life. . . .

Cast as follows:

Narrator	Eric Ague.
Mrs. Moore	Mercy Nausea.
An Engine	Archie Pain.
Mr. P. P. Bliss	A. B. Dominal.
Mrs. P. P. Bliss	Ima Mess.
Others	Feeling Poorly.
Death	More Aching.
Six Nude Pullman Porters in	
Gilt Boots	Con Gestion.

The last is a solemn highbrow-whimsy device, a kind of Chorus, a mixture of Yeats, Saroyan, Kafka, T. S. Eliot, Louis Aragon, and Kraft-Ebing. A high, arch seriousness informs the whole, and, if by Heaven's especial grace it coincides in performance-time with Itma, as we hope, you'll never hear it.

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



A "ZAGNIG" worrying on top
of a "TREEM" plant!



The Hall of Fame impresses the Common Man's wife (Doris Hare) and his son (Alfred MacGuigan), but the eloquence of the guide (Richard Littledale) appears to be lost upon Leslie Henson as the Common Man himself in the revival of 1066 *And All That* at the Saville. Reginald Arkell's revue, first produced at the Strand in 1935, would seem to have struck an inexhaustible seam of topical humour, and its revival has had a warm welcome: perhaps as much for the reappearance of the irrepressible Leslie as for the wit and adroitness of the "book"

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THE husband, after a very tiring day, was enjoying his pipe and reading the evening paper. The wife, who was poring over a crossword puzzle, suddenly called out: "Henry, what is a female sheep?"

"Ewe," curtly replied her husband—and that's how the row started.

THE manager entered the restaurant just as the new waiter rushed out. Inside, a customer was raging and fuming.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked the manager.

"Discharge that man at once!" demanded the customer.

Regarding the boiled egg which had been served, the manager said:

"I'm very sorry about this egg, sir, but I can't discharge the waiter for that. After all, he didn't know that there was a chicken in it."

"Perhaps not!" snapped the customer. "But when I told him there was, he needn't have taken away my spoon and brought me a knife and fork."

THE foreman noticed one of his men gazing aimlessly about instead of working, and inquired:

"What have you done to-day?"

"Wagtail for the Cup," grinned the man.

The foreman flew into a rage.

"Put your coat on!" he stormed.

"Why, it ain't raining."

"Put your coat on and go and get your money!" roared the official.

"As it won, then?"

A BUMPTIOUS fellow was giving evidence in a police-court.

"You say you stood up?" asked the magistrate.

"I said," retorted the conceited one, "that I stood."

If one stands one must stand up. There's no other way of standing."

"Oh, isn't there?" replied the magistrate. "Pay two pounds for contempt of court—and stand down!"

ONE afternoon in Piccadilly Circus during the war there were the usual number of beggars, but one seemed to be faring better than the rest.

He approached numerous groups of American soldiers, always with the same result—an uproar and then contributions. His technique was good:

in his hand was a battered mandolin, and holding it out he said in a pleading voice: "Men, this is the only thing I have to make my living with"—then a pause—"and I can't play the damn thing!"

A MAN was driving with his wife in the midst of a terrific rainstorm. She was, as she always did, nagging him all the time about his driving,

when suddenly, to his delighted surprise, she stopped talking entirely and sat silently shaking her head vigorously from left to right. He didn't ask any questions as he didn't want to question his luck

and possibly start her off again, so he drove through the rain for half an hour, peering straight ahead. Then he stopped and found out the cause of it all.

His wife's nose had got caught in the windscreen-wiper.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Sabretoche

IF the Derby had been run on the date originally fixed, many people would have been torn between two loyalties. As it is, a fortunate minority is able to go and revive the memory of one King at Eton, and perhaps watch the victory in the Derby of another at Epsom. It is the patriotic hope of many that they will be able to do both.

"The Fourth" is supposed by non-Etonians to be that day in 1440 when St. Mary's College was founded by George III. This is just as fallacious as the belief that St. Andrew built The Wall on November 30th, and considered that it would be good P.T. for the boys to try to push it down. So far as is known, the Saint never even went to Eton, but George III. did so very frequently, and was such a good friend to the old school that the Eton top-hat originally came into being as a token of mourning for his death.

George III. was said by those who disliked him and the other three Georges, Thackeray being one of the principal haters, to have gone to Eton purely to curry favour with a distinguished rising generation. This has been strenuously denied by others, not so Jacobite in their predilections, and personally, I have always been readier to accept the fact that the King went because he liked the place and felt uplifted by converse with the learned Masters—known locally as Beaks—and even with some of the more intelligent students.

There is another possibility for George III.'s liking—the long connection of those doughty Gascons, the de Brocas, with the Royal Buckhounds, for George III. was far more English than the English. The hereditary mastership was held by the de Brocas family for nearly 300 years, and one of them, Sir Bernard Brocas II., got his head chopped off by Henry IV. because he, like a good many other people, was fonder of Richard II. and had no affection for the usurping Bolingbroke. However, whatever the reason, Eton has always made a great occasion of George III.'s birthday.

The Derby Horse-Race

THERE hardly seems to be a last word, but as it is always demanded, I suppose one has to be found! For the plunger there appears to be only one thing to do: go in head-first for either Blue Train or Sayajirao for a place. There is not much profit attached to backing the favourite, and it would look like flying in the face of Providence to suggest that even a Tattenham Corner phobia could stop Tudor Minstrel.

A distinguished Victorian poet once remarked: "The form, the form alone is eloquent." He might have been tempted to repeat this observation if he had lived until June 1947. If there is anything in The Book, Mr. Jack Dewar's colours ought to win by the length of the straight; and yet many people prefer the Royal jacket. Blue Train's Newmarket Stakes was as bloodless as Tudor Minstrel's Guineas. Purely a personal opinion, I prefer something with no top hamper for Epsom, and I think that Blue Train has more of it than is desirable for that course. There seemed a bit too much of him at Newmarket, but this may have been altered. He has all the reach and commanding stature that will greatly commend him to notice at Doncaster in September. And now this improved Sayajirao, and his six and ten-lengths victory over two of the Beckhampton back-benchers in the Lingfield Derby Trial Stakes over a course claimed by some to be Epsom's twin.

How much behind Tudor Minstrel Glendower and Stockade are, probably only Fred Darling knows. Personally, I do not think that this Lingfield gallop can have told him much that he did not know. How much has it told us? Not much! We saw a very beautiful black colt go a nice working gallop over 1½ miles, but not over the Epsom course, which, like Aintree, is a thing unto itself. The Gackwar

said that Sayajirao would win the Derby, and he ought to know more than you or I. How dare we say more than this! I am only sure of one

thing, namely, that Britt will ride him very well and that Fred Armstrong is a master of his craft.

The much regretted death of the Earl of Harewood will not necessarily affect Tite Street, and it is possible that in view of the fact that this colt has been backed by the public he may run in the Derby, but at the time of writing there is no definite news. There is neither time nor space to do more at the moment than voice sympathy which is felt for H.R.H. the Princess Royal and the late Peer's family by a very wide section of the hunting and racing public, particularly in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and a more extended mention of his distinguished connection with the Bramham Moor Hounds must be left for a future opportunity. In the meanwhile the devastating successes of Chanteur II. in long-distance races must surely give us pause and make us wonder whether the French contingent in the Derby can be disregarded. Our long years of short rations have not yet told the full tale.

An Indian Explorer

IT will interest some of us whose racing experience is not confined exclusively to this tight little island, to see how this Indian lad Khâde (the "a" is long) fares this season when he is to ride the light-weights of the Gackwar of Baroda's stable. Until quite recent years the Indian jockey of any merit at all has been a rarity, but, as we have been told by an Indian gentleman, who apparently claims to speak for racing authority in Western India, that a policy of exclusion of everything foreign is favoured, perhaps in the future anything but the native-born article will be the exception.

In the past, very few Indian jockeys have been able to hold their own with the English and Australian, who have practically dominated the situation, and I can only recall one who even approached top class, and he was not an Indian, but a full-blooded Arab. Ibrahim, who rode the winners of two Governors' Cups for H.H. the Aga Khan at Poona, had a lot of success in Western India, and there were few who rode the little steeds "from the desert, shod with fire" better than he did, not even poor little "Rubber" Beaumont, who, of course, was not a professional.

A Sad Story

ON the Calcutta side of India, where at the big meetings the best Professors from England and Australia were in great force, Ibrahim had no luck at all. He had an adventurous ride in one Viceroy's Cup on a big chestnut American horse named Keenan, owned by some of Bombay's indigenous enthusiasts. This horse had threatenings of navicular, so before he was led out on to the course for the Cup, they absolutely salted his coronets with cocaine. This was before doping was made a criminal offence. The result was that Keenan went plumb crazy, and the moment his head was loosed bolted the wrong way round the course and ended up with a fall over the iron rails of the saddling paddock. Neither the jockey nor the horse was hurt, but it might so easily have been otherwise. Keenan was never any more use for racing. Few doped ones are, and it would really be kinder to put them down.

There were no Indian steeplechase jockeys in my time, only Australians, and most of them about as tough as the Flemington posts and rails, but a dashed good lot of chaps if you took them the right way and did not try to "put on dorg." They mostly wore heavy moustaches and spurs as long as harpoons, and some of them looked so fierce that they might have made a person with weak nerves sit down by the wayside and weep. But what horsemen, and what an education it was to meet them!



Marvin H. Ward (Spokane) driving from the fourth tee at St. Andrews during his winning match against L. G. Crawley (Rye)



J. B. Carr (Sutton), one of the two English singles winners, driving from the fourteenth tee in his match with S. E. Bishop (Norfolk, Va.)



The Walker Cup, won for the first time by Britain in 1938, being presented to Francis Ouimet (left), non-playing U.S. captain, by Roger Wethered, captain of St. Andrews, after the U.S. team had won it again for the tenth time

The Walker Cup Returns to U.S.A.



A British Competitor in an Italian Tournament

Lt.-Col. H. M. Llewellyn makes a perfect jump on Maze to clear an obstacle in an event in the International Horse Show held recently in Rome. Teams from England, Ireland, U.S.A. and Italy competed, and the final of the Premio Campidoglio was won by Col. Llewellyn's Hilgeddin, Comdt. Fred Ahearne (Eire) was second, and Lt.-Col. Jack Lewis (Eire), third

Scoreboard



BY their conversation may games be judged. Bridge-players talk of little but the last hand, and of their partner's contemptible intelligence. Spectators at bridge are not encouraged, in case they cough twice to show strength in Clubs, or crack their toes to indicate a deficiency

in Diamonds. At lawn-tennis, the onlookers discuss food, sartorial fashions, the neighbours and food. At professional soccer, the audience goes in for a lot of swearing, abuse and betting. At croquet there is a silence like the deafness of eternity, except for the click and rustle when the blue ball is walloped into the rhododendrons, and the deep breathing of Col. Bulder as he meditates the probable efficacy of his mallet on the left parietal bone of Mrs. Lorgnette-Smythe.

BUT at cricket; ah, where else, since the days of Dr. Johnson and Lord Chesterfield, of George Selwyn and the Reverend Sidney Smith, is the conversation so broad but chaste, so informative yet witty? It was while we were waiting for the next batsman, who had evidently lost something, that a solicitor friend told me of a recent client. The solicitor had not long returned from the war, and still found it difficult to follow the anfractuities of legal discourse. But *this* client seemed most exceptionally intricate. So my friend called a halt and said, "Excuse me, Sir, but I must make notes of this case," and, taking a sheet of paper, he said, "And now, again, please, Sir, your name?" It was given. "Anything else?" "Yes," said the client, "Air Vice-Marshal and Lieutenant-General." "And then," said the solicitor, "I was on familiar ground."

Critics often refer to Norman Yardley, newly-elect captain of England at cricket, as "competent" and "solid." In fact, Yardley is a brilliant ball-game player who, with the

time and inclination, might have become a Wimbledon champion.

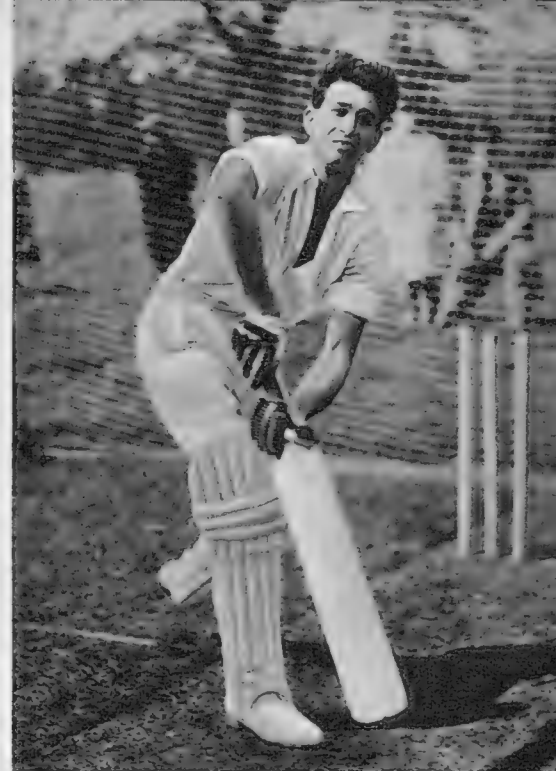
At squash rackets, just before the war, he ranked third among amateurs to the incomparable F. D. Amr Bey, now Egyptian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, and K. C. Gandar Dower. Gandar Dower was an all-rounder of unusual versatility and originality, who delighted to hunt the Spotted Lion in Africa, a mysterious quest. He was lost, in the war, off the coasts of Sicily; a man of rare charm and Elizabethan adventurousness.

Yardley was coached at cricket and squash by S. M. Toyne, former headmaster of St. Peter's School, York. So far he has modestly kept in the background that bowling which, in the Australian Tests, three times unhooked the mighty Don Bradman.

NOT far from Nottingham, where the First Test against South Africa begins this weekend, stands Newstead Abbey, once the home of the poet Byron; and near the Abbey is the house where Harold Larwood was born, greatest fast bowler of his generation. The poet and the bowler shared the gift of speed. Lord Byron worked fast and lived faster. He remains the most exciting character in English literature. And what a showman. The long-nosed Puritans like to wince at his name. But I love to think of him and his laughing boyhood companions dressed up as monks at Newstead and drinking strong wine from a skull. Not very democratic, perhaps; nor constructive. But a refreshing memory in an age which has brought dullness to a fine art and made an idol of mediocrity.

It was near Newstead that I took part in a roadside cricket match with a brassy as bat and a Dunlop "65" as ball. Bill Mollison was the batsman, Arthur Mailey the bowler. The involuntary long-stop was a benevolent Hercules who was trying to mend a puncture in the car. He took a fast leg-break on the nopper. What language!

R.C. Robertson-Flanagan



Abdul Hafiz Kardar, the Indian Test cricketer, at the nets in the University Parks on the opening day of practice



D. J. N. Bridge, new secretary of the Oxford Rugby Football Club, and Charles Walters, the coach



Johnson, Oxford B. H. Travers, rugger International and captain of the University's R.F.C., and A. B. Harcourt, last season's rugger secretary, down at the nets

Oxford Cricketers



The Room at Enfield Wash, where Elizabeth Canning was held by force. The story of this eighteen-year-old girl's mysterious disappearance is told in "Elizabeth is Missing," by Lillian de la Torre (Michael Joseph; 15s.)

BOOKS

REVIEWED BY

ELIZABETH BOWEN

"Gilbert and Sullivan" "Peal of Ordnance"

"My One Contribution to Chess"

"The White Dress"

THE names of Gilbert and Sullivan are as inseparably linked, to the British ear, as are eggs with bacon—and are not less British in flavour than that congenial dish. In fact, bacon and eggs and those operas occupy much the same place in our national life: they are institutions, and more—one instinctively feels there is something wrong with anybody who does not care for either. While the operas continue to be performed, one can but feel that there will always be an England.

The sombre Celt or the equivocal Latin may wonder what they are all about, but for the Anglo-Saxon they ring a bell plumb in the middle of his being. The tunes call up a thousand associations; they have become the theme-songs of a way of life that the cynic derides in vain—the uncle singing in his bath; the child whistling as it bicycles; the gramophone on the lawn; the band at the garden fête, and the *real* thing, merry and full blast, for family theatre parties in the holidays. As for the books of the operas, phrases from them have become grafted into our daily speech: they have hardly less prestige than Shakespeare quotations. And Gilbert's name has supplied an accepted, by now indispensable, adjective.

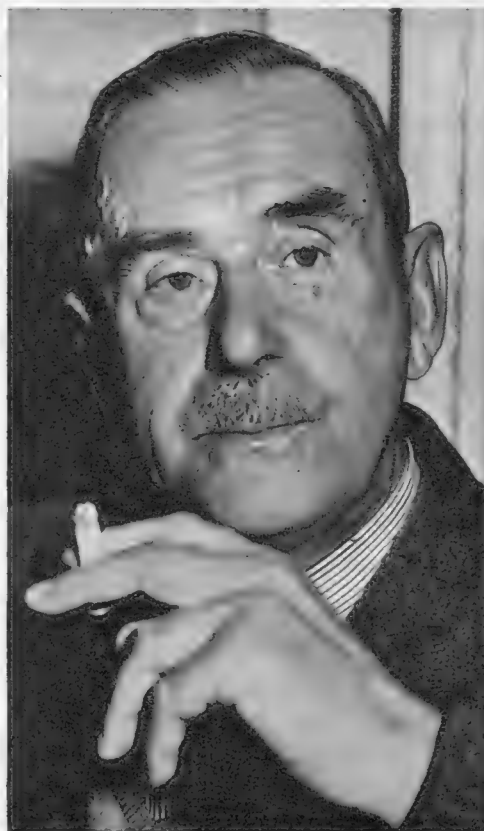
No, without irony one may say that if one does not get round oneself to seeing "a Gilbert and Sullivan" during one of the seasons, it continues to give one vast and comfortable pleasure to think of other people doing so.

Given all this, Hesketh Pearson's *Gilbert and Sullivan* (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.) can hardly fail to be a popular book. I do not say it is a book which may not inflict some shocks. Primarily, it may be a surprise to learn that those hilarious operas were far from being the outcome of a hilarious friendship, and that the fusion of talents (dare one say genius?) was a personally unwilling, chiefly commercial one. Myself, I have often wondered how collaborators work: from this book one learns at least how they can quarrel. Early on in this dual biography, Mr. Pearson gives us what seems the one analogy. "The two men," he says, "who had thus been brought together were radically dissimilar in upbringing, outlook and temperament; their characters were antipathetic and complementary. Friendship between them was out of the question from the start, though if Sullivan had been a woman they would have made a most successful marriage. A union of hearts being impossible, the alternative was a union of arts, and the result was the most successful marriage in history."

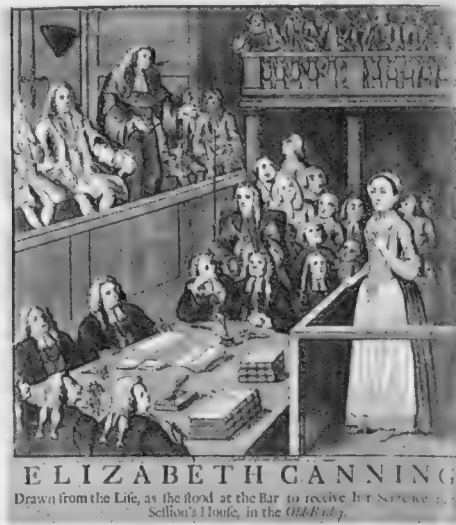
WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT (who objected, understandably, to his second Christian name) was the son of a retired naval surgeon of choleric temperament and inauspicious literary bent: he was born in 1836, was to live on into the age of motor-cars, enjoy the

Edwardian sunshine, and, in 1911, die as one gathers he might have wished—of heart failure, caused by rescuing one of two extremely pretty young ladies whom he had been teaching to swim in his garden lake.

W. S. Gilbert, with his big frame, truculent eyebrows and walrus moustache, was one type of British masculinity *par excellence*—the type that gives rise to the theory, dear to the other sex, that all men are just big boys at heart, God bless 'em. And it is true, as Mr. Pearson points out (and as, if I may say so modestly, it had already struck me), that there is a streak of boyish cruelty in Gilbert's work, over-rumbustiousness now and then passing over into something malevolent and inhuman—e.g., his relentless guying of spinsters, or of, in fact,



Thomas Mann, the German-born philosopher and novelist, arrived in London from America recently with his wife and daughter Erika, who is the wife of W. H. Auden, the poet. Dr. Mann, who is now seventy-one, is to give a lecture at London University. He fled from the Nazis in 1938 and has since been at Princeton University, U.S.A.



Elizabeth Canning being sentenced to seven years' transportation at the Old Bailey after her remarkable adventures. Her strange experiences caused furious comment from all quarters. She died in Connecticut in 1773.

Elizabeth Canning being sentenced to seven years' transportation at the Old Bailey after her remarkable adventures. Her strange experiences caused furious comment from all quarters. She died in Connecticut in 1773.

any woman of fading charms. (Mr. Pearson suggests, as one explanation of this, that Gilbert's intense susceptibility to the fair sex, which had to be kept banked down because of his equally strong Victorian passion for respectability, set up conflict in him; he therefore took his revenge upon ugly women for what their lovelier sisters had made him suffer.) Triumphant in fields in which his father had failed, William also made felt by others the inherited force of the paternal hot temper. Are there not touches of fury even about his wit?

He was a typical Briton with a streak of genius, possibly the only known example. He could see through a thing, but he could not see round it. He was visited with sudden flashes of reality, but he was not gifted with a steady vision. He had acute perceptions but no guiding philosophy. He was a respectable man who made fun of respectability, a sentimentalist who laughed at sentiment, a patriot who ridiculed patriotism. Again and again, at the bidding of some powerful intuition, he exposed a social or national absurdity, but as often as not he failed to see the point of his exposure and fell back upon a piece of conventional claptrap which was equally typical of him.

HIS higher-up contemporaries, headed by Queen Victoria, looked upon Gilbert with a mistrust which might be mollified but never quite allayed: was there not something anarchical about his laughter? . . . Arthur Seymour Sullivan (who disliked his full initials no less and for still more apparent reasons than Gilbert disliked his second name) was, on the other hand, to bask, nay, revel in royal and aristocratic favour. His troubles were dual—an agonising and chronic form of kidney disease, and frustrated musical high ambition—in to-day's simple parlance, he would have wished to be highbrow, and was disconcerted by success at a lower grade.

Far be it from any of us to sneer at those aspirations, pure in themselves, of the passionately music-loving composer: it is as a social character that Sullivan shows weakness which lays him open to criticism. He was a hundred-per-cent. snob, who, from the début of his career, as a pleasing choirboy, did not cease to work his personal charm.

Partly, Sullivan showed the susceptibilities of the foreigner, fundamentally unsure of himself: son of a needy, obscure musician, he (born 1842) was of mixed blood—Irish, Italian, Jewish. From his portrait and Mr. Pearson's description he would appear to have been the pussy-cat type; and along with the feline streak ran the feminine. Considerable interest attaches to Mr. Pearson's suggestion—further to the "successful marriage" analogy—that Sullivan was, in one context, his working connection with Gilbert, "the perfect medium." The witty, inspired, adorable light melodies he put up to match and perfect the Gilbertian

lyrics were *against* the grain of his nature in every other sense. Gilbert, the dominant partner, was almost musicless—his humming was pain to listen to; he could hardly carry the simplest tune. Yet there seems no doubt that, by means of a compulsion beyond analysis, he somehow begot upon or suggested to the unwilling Sullivan those tunes which were to make both their names.

I COULD neither myself enjoy nor recommend with enjoyment a book which debunked any beloved thing. But the fact is, that while Hesketh Pearson's *Gilbert and Sullivan* shows us the seamy—or at least frankly human—side of the two creators, it seems to leave their joint work not only unspoiled but the more triumphant. Let us leave it that all works of art are, in one way if not another, sublime phenomena: in this case, the Gilbert-and-Sullivan operas (like those children who, having a part in the world to play, more or less insist upon being born) seized upon two men who, mediocre apart, were capable of genius in combination.

I may have stressed too much the character-interest of *Gilbert and Sullivan*: let me say that the tale of these two careers, apart and together, is equally well given. Of Richard D'Oyly Carte, third and important figure in the story, I have not, unhappily, left myself room to speak: Mr. Pearson does full, if unsparing, justice also to him, while the annals of the Savoy Theatre, in those great days, have enough stuff to make an independent book.

Gilbert and Sullivan is very full, very period, very funny. I have my own copy, I have lovingly dog-eared a number of pages whereon shine Gilbert's leading witticisms—quote, I find I must not, but I trust you to track them down. In this sensitive age, when we get our teeth at puns, the dear old boy might not be *persona grata*.

SEE that John Lodwick (already author of *Running to Paradise*, *Myrmida* and *The Filibusters*) now describes *Peal of Ordnance* (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), which is his third novel, as "my transition book."

Transitions have their difficulties, and *Peal of Ordnance*, accordingly, has its faults—the fantastic and the realistic are not at all points quite successfully dovetailed. At the same time, this novel is infinitely more interesting, and more worthy of the reader's attention, than the majority of those which come your reviewer's way. Mr. Lodwick has, up to now, written of men at war: he is now, I take it, with the rest of his generation, out of the Forces and back to civilian life. That big transition is one of the major psychological happenings of these years; and all honour to writers who grapple with it—it is an easy subject for dogma, propaganda and semi-tracts, but a vast, elusive, danger-fraught subject for fiction.

Writers who are grappling seem to me, now, the writers to watch: they are interpreters and spokesmen for thousands of other men—and, for that matter, young women—who do not happen to write. . . . Mr. Lodwick's hero, the amiable Bill Tamplin, by profession and avocation a Cornish fisherman, is first met as a British sergeant in Trieste, on the eve of his demobilisation: next, we follow his fortunes

BOWEN ON BOOKS

back home again. The straight range of Cornish-village domestic and local vicissitudes makes, under Mr. Lodwick's treatment, such good reading that I, for one, was sorry when a knock on the head blacked out Bill's normal consciousness, made him flee from his home, and released—at great cost to London's remaining monuments—his blowing-up complex. His career through the capital, plus two kit-bags full of high explosives which he has succeeded in bringing home from the front, is crazily satisfying. . . . *Peal of Ordnance*, for all its fantastic streak, is underlyingly serious: many of our Bill Tamplins are not likely to reacclimatise as easily as we hope. Back to normal, this particular hero sets up as a smuggler, old-type adapted modern, gaily running the Channel and doing excellent trade. Ending of this book, happy—moral, one must say, none.

"MY ONE CONTRIBUTION TO CHESS," by F. V. Morley (Faber; 7s. 6d.), is an attractive, disjointed mellow and witty book which need not intimidate the non-chess player—but which equally will, I imagine, be of audacious interest to those who do know the game. Mr. Morley is himself, we are to understand, a chess player "of respectable but not phenomenal ability."

(So, at least, says the book's wrapper: the author is still more modest.) His contribution to chess is, that he has designed—and demonstrates the uses of—a chess-board with twelve extra squares: there being thus a "corridor" of six squares added to each side of the present board. This, he argues, should militate against the principal disadvantage of the ancient game—that of having by now been over-studied. By opening up the board as an unknown territory it should even things up between the adventurous amateur and the expert; altering "a war of fixed positions to a war of greater movement."

As background to this theory, we have unstudied, erratic autobiographical writing of an engaging kind—a portrait of the author's father, a picture of Woodbridge, Suffolk (native place of the Morleys, of Quaker stock and solid

Roundhead tradition), views of more than one American university, notes on the manners and customs of mathematicians, and a vignette of the wartime Washington Labour Board, in the course of which Mr. Morley both did some constructive doodling and encountered a fellow-rebel with regard to chess.

"THE WHITE DRESS" (Crime Club; Collins, 8s. 6d.) is the latest from M. G. Eberhart: the scene is Miami. Gore and gracious living, in a millionaire's house on an island connected with the pleasure coast by a causeway, mingle with agreeable effect. Mystery-interest good—the actual criminal is almost completely surprising, if not quite (I had thought from the first this person was too good to be true). Miss Eberhart, as detective-novelist, shares with Miss Leslie Ford one single weakness: that of repeating characters—though of neither should one complain, for both know how to vary plots. . . . Towards the end of *The White Dress* there is a first-rate description of a tornado's approach: boarded-up windows, twilight and breathlessness everywhere.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

Brunswick issue a series of records made by members of the original New York cast of *Oklahoma!* They prove that the tunes are remembered because the whole score is good, not simply because the company put them across the footlights with such gusto. "I Cain't Say No!" sung by Celeste Holm, shows her to be a comedienne plus, while Alfred Drake and Howard Da Silva's version of "Pore Jud is Daid" is certainly impressive. That lovely number "Out of my Dreams" is beautifully sung by Joan Roberts, and put over in such a way that I wonder how Columbia could have tripped up by allowing Rita Williams to record it. Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra introduce a good selection of the music from the show, also on Columbia. The recording is practically up to British standards.

Geraldo produces an interesting record on Parlophone, and while I am not satisfied that it is up to the Geraldo standard it has much to commend it. "People Will Say We're in Love" is sung by Carol Carr, who has a very pleasing and easy style, and the reverse is devoted to "They Say It's Wonderful" from the new musical *Annie Get Your Gun*, sung with assurance by Canadian-born Denny Vaughan.

Robert Tredinnick.



Lieut.-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. R. C. Rose Price's infant daughter was christened Sarah Maureen Rose at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, recently



Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Nutting's infant daughter was christened Zara Nina. Mr. Nutting is the Member for Melton Mowbray and the only surviving son of Sir Harold and Lady Nutting



Viscount and Viscountess Curzon's daughter was christened Mary Gaye Georgiana Lorna. Lady Georgiana Curzon, a godmother, is seen holding the infant

CHRISTENINGS

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Dowding — Peebles

S/Ldr. the Hon. Derek Hugh T. Dowding, R.A.F., only son of Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, of 3, St. Mary's Road, Wimbledon, and of the late Mrs. Dowding, married Alison Margaret Peebles, daughter of Dr. J. Bannerman, of Norwich, and Mrs. Tilton, of Johannesburg, in London



Raikes — Hunt

Lt. Iwan Geoffrey Raikes, D.S.C., R.N., second son of Admiral Sir Robert Raikes and Lady Raikes, of Mantley, Newent, Gloucestershire, married Miss Primrose Hunt, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Hunt of Cadenham Grange, Southampton, at Minstead Church, near Lyndhurst



Page — Stopford

Lt. Tom F. P. U. Page, Royal Navy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Page, of Newton House, Faringdon, Berkshire, married Lady Cecilia Stopford, twin daughter of the Earl and Countess of Courtown, of the Old House, Aylesbury, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Baker — Fairbrother

Capt. Anthony H. R. Baker, R.A., son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Baker, of Olde Highgate, Bearsted, Kent, married Miss Margaret (Peggy) Fairbrother, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbrother



Hickson — Crawford

Major Gerald Fitzgerald Hickson, M.C., Royal Artillery, married Miss Gertrude Dawn Crawford, Sister, O.A.I.M.N.S./R., at the Garrison Church, Meiktila, Burma



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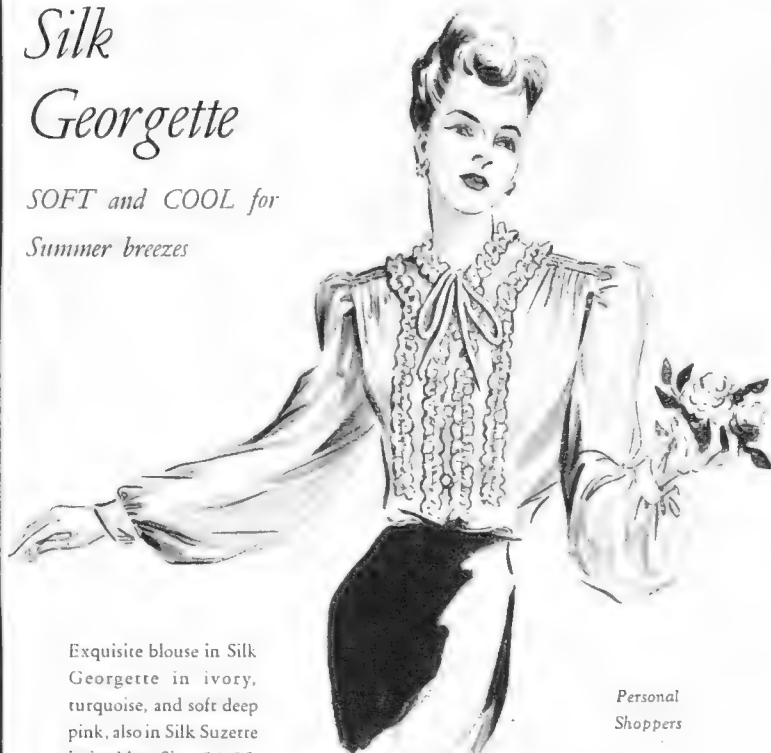
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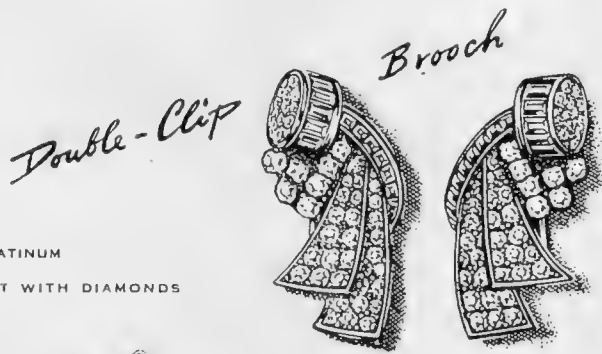
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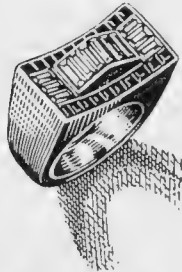
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Elphinstone

Miss Anne Palaret is to be married in July to the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. She is the daughter of Sir Michael Palaret, K.C.M.G., and Lady Palaret. Her father was Ambassador to Greece from 1942-1943. Lord Oxford and Asquith is Assistant District Commissioner at Haifa, Palestine



Miss Marcia Olive Parsons younger daughter of Mrs. Trevor Matthews and stepdaughter of Mr. Trevor Matthews, of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Martin Royston Chambers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Royston Chambers of Solihull, Warwickshire



Bassano

Miss E. A. C. MacDonald younger daughter of Sir Kenneth and Lady MacDonald, of Viewfield, Aberlour, Banffshire, who is to marry Mr. R. F. Hannay, second son of Capt. and Mrs. W. M. Hannay, of Spring Hill House, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire



Harlip

Miss Elizabeth Mary Colegate eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Colegate, of Church Aston Manor, Newport, Shropshire, is engaged to Mr. Richard Wellesley Gunston, son of Major Sir Derrick Gunston, Bt., M.C., and Lady Gunston, O.B.E., of Petty France, Badminton, Gloucestershire



Pearl Freeman

Miss Heather Marion Studd and *Mr. John Black Sumner* who are to be married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on September 6. Miss Studd is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. T. Studd, of Little Warrens, Stanton, near Broadway, Worcestershire, and Mr. Sumner is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. H. Sumner, of Rashwood Court, Droitwich, Worcestershire



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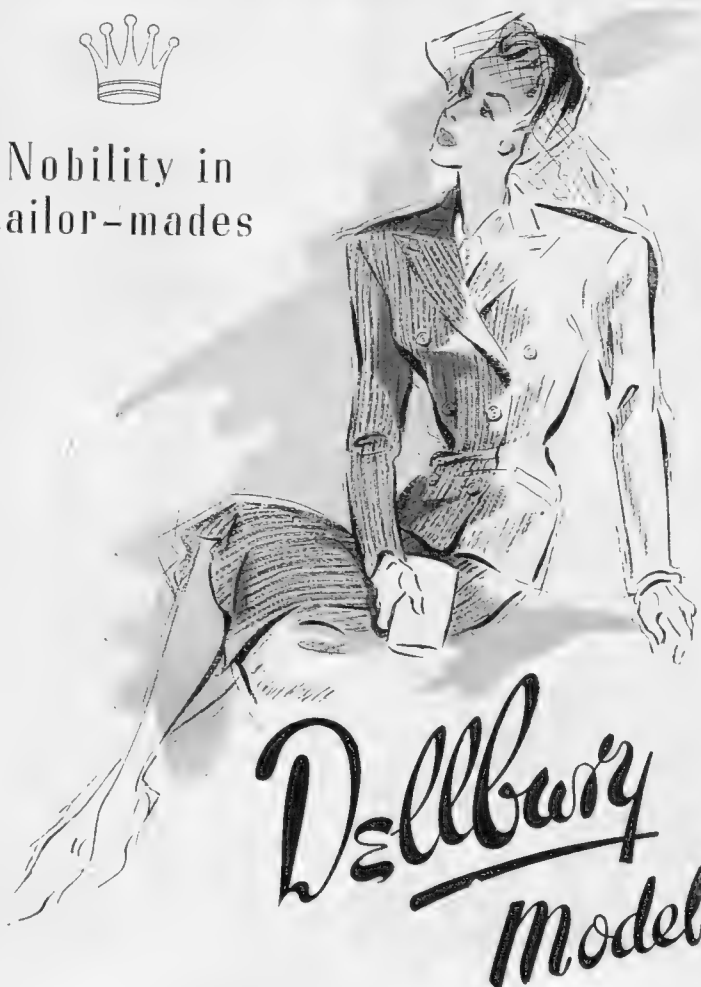
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Oliver Steward on FLYING

IF transport flying were all down hill it would not only be much easier, but it would also be much more profitable. Fuelling in the air is simply a method of starting the aircraft at the top of a hill. But instead of the aeroplane going to the mountain, the mountain goes to the aeroplane in the form of a tanker.

It is most enterprising and most praiseworthy of British South American Airways to take up flight fuelling, or flight re-fuelling as the company calls it (although it need not necessarily be a refilling of the tanks, it may be the initial filling). The first set of proving flights, I gather, are to use the method in order to extend the non-stop range of the aircraft. But flight fuelling can also be used to enable the aircraft to take off light and climb light, and then to accept its full operating load of fuel afterwards.

Sir Alan Cobham is the moving spirit in the company of Flight Refuelling Limited, and the work that has been done is remarkable for its care and completeness. The method remains fundamentally the same as that used on actual commercial runs across the Atlantic with flying boats before the war; but it is much more automatic and much surer.

Flying Pick-up

THE air liner remains on course all the time. It does not need to turn off either with initial flight fuelling or with intermediate flight refuelling. By using Rebecca-Eureka radar the tanker aircraft picks up the air liner, flies on a reciprocal bearing higher than the liner until its pilot sees the liner which has meanwhile let out the line which serves for making the first connection.

The tanker then turns and flies near the liner while a gun is used to fire a projectile carrying a light line

across the line trailed by the tanker. The contact of the lines equalizes the electrical potential of the two aircraft and they remain bonded right through the fuelling operation, so that there is no fire risk from electrical discharges.

The lines are subsequently used to haul in the hose which is so constructed that it maintains the electrical bond. The hose coupling is most ingenious and ensures not only a petrol-tight fit, but also an instantaneous cut off if the coupling is broken.

About fifty or sixty successful fuelling operations in flight have been made during the past year and the system seems to be completely satisfactory. As an additional precaution against fire, by the way, the hose and tank spaces are washed through with nitrogen before the fuel begins to pass. One of the most interesting experiments in commercial aviation will begin when British South American Airways decide to introduce the flight fuelling on their ordinary commercial runs. The first proving flights will be made without paying passengers.

French Sporting Flying

MUCH good work is being done by the *Fédération Nationale Aéronautique* (not to be confused with the F.A.I.) in helping the French aero clubs to get going. Monsieur Chabay was recently elected president and one of the concessions already obtained is the removal of landing fees and hangar charges for aircraft belonging to the French flying clubs.

This is the direct and the right way to help the flying clubs. Our method of making club members pay landing fees and hangarage and then subsidizing the clubs when they show signs of failing is unnecessarily roundabout.

Moreover the abolition of landing fees abolishes also various bits of paper—and we all know that bits of



A Flying Club has been formed recently by flying enthusiasts at the American Embassy, the president of which is Miss Anne Long. One of the members, Miss H. Kane, is seen giving the propeller a professional twist

paper are the curse not only of flying, but of a great many other things as well.

Franco-English Airscrews

I HAVE always believed that British and French aviation should try to collaborate. We could supply the hard, practical production side, and the French could supply the bright ideas and the novel schemes. So it was especially pleasing to hear that Bréguet were to make Rotol airscrews.

An agreement has been made between Rotol and Bréguet, or, to give it its full name, the *Société Anonyme des Ateliers d'Aviation Louis Bréguet* of Paris, which grants to the French company a licence to manufacture the Rotol range of propeller designs. The licence includes the exclusive right to make both the Rotol hydraulically operated variable pitch airscrews and the manually operated variable pitch airscrews for light aircraft.

Initially the French company intend to make the four-bladed braking airscrew now being developed by Rotol for the Rolls-Royce Merlin transport series of engines. The licence remains valid for seven years.

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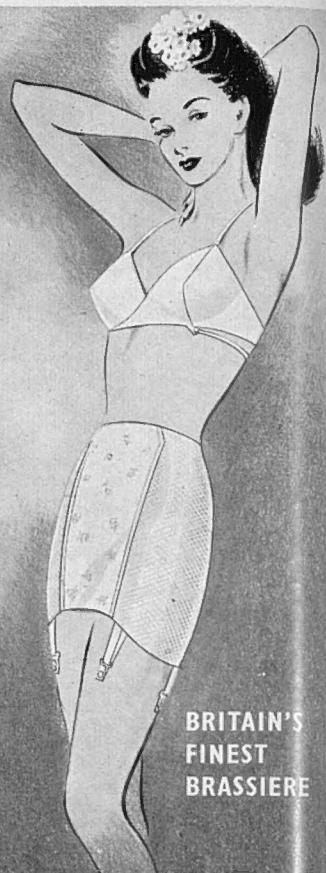
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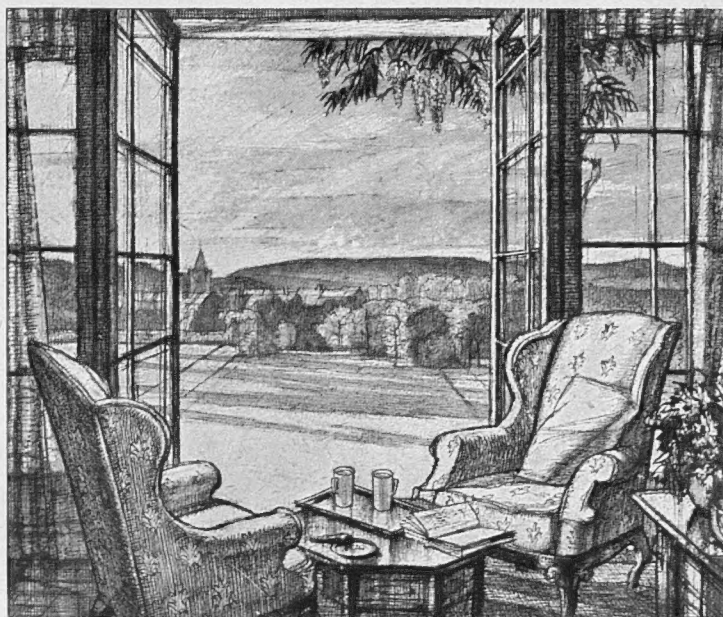
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WHO LIVES HERE?

The children have been in bed some hours now. The house is quiet. Yet the midsummer sun is still up, slanting across the golden grass, setting crowns of gold on the distant elms.

Who lives here? Who, in another minute, will be sitting in these two chairs?

Let us not ask their names. Let us regard them simply as husband and wife, father and mother, typical of the many thousands who, at the end of a busy day, welcome the comfort that Horlicks brings... its promise of deep sleep tonight and boundless energy tomorrow.

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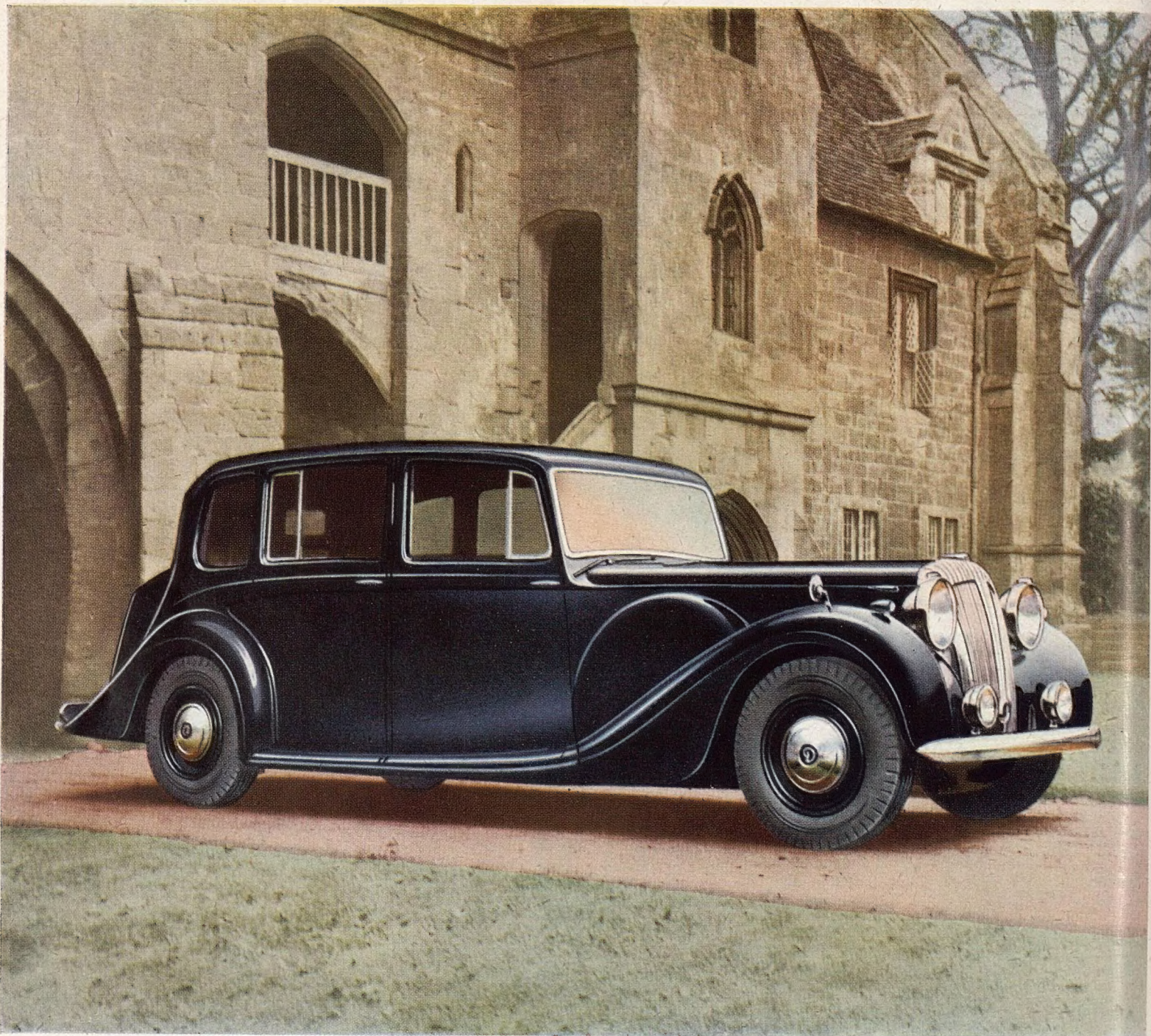
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